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HIGH TIMES

No. 100 December '83

FEATURES

Cover Illustration • Steven Max Singer

Interview: Tom Alexander by Bob LaBrasca and Dean Latimer

Tom Alexander knows the marijuana business inside and out. After being busted in Oregon in 1979 for potgrowing, Alexander went legit and began mail-ordering his leftover bat guano fertilizer. Business boomed, and within a short while Tom and his wife Nancy were running the largest grower supply store in the state. One year later he started a little homegrown newsletter entitled *Sinsemilla Tips*, which has since become the unacknowledged trade journal of the cannabis industry. In this month's interview Alexander offers his expertise on a wide variety of subjects, ranging from NASA's use of infrared spy technology to the best way of getting rid of red spider mites

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Indica-tions: The Bud Speaks Back to "R" by Dean Latimer

In our October issue "R," the Connoisseur, called for a ban on the smoking of *Cannabis indica*. He called it a "stupid, bad drug," and compared it to heroin, Thorazine and Romilar cough syrup. This month our Executive Almighty Editor takes up the cudgel for the benighted weed and, arguing from a rare position of sobriety, scores some palpable hits against his esteemed opponent

40

Psychedelic Express, Part II: The Great Bust by William Meyers

When we last left the members of the One Class caravan, they were winding their way through the redwood forest, dumping kilos of Mexican weed, hash and assorted psychedelics from the windows of their bus. Up ahead were the police, and their flashing lights and whooping sirens told them nothing they didn't already know. It was going to be heavy, and if they didn't keep it together this time, they could blow it all for good

46

Centerfold: Merry Christmas Y'all

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New Legal Supplement

Starting this issue, HIGH TIMES presents two service-oriented columns that focus on an area of concern to our readers—drugs and the law. Each month "Case in Point" will report on a specific legal issue before the courts, discuss its social and legal value and offer informed speculation as to its effect upon future drug cases. Immediately following is the "HIGH TIMES National Legal Directory," a state-by-state listing of some of the country's most successful lawyers active in drug defense. We hope you'll find these new columns informative and useful, and remember—be careful out there

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

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19 The Paraquat Panic of 1983 by Mark Swain

The Devil's loose in Georgia again. Or at least was loose for four weeks last August when government helicopters rained paraquat down on the community of White County, and state and federal officials lied overtime to the people about the "healthful" effects of the toxic herbicide. The government was enjoined by a court order from further spraying in the area, but they've already begun gearing up for operations in Tennessee, North Carolina and Kentucky.



31 Gift Guide for a High Holiday

Uncle Frank will be thrilled with a bottle of booze, mom and Aunt Mary charmed with a pair of lace handkerchiefs, but what in the world are you going to get for the special someone who delights in sense derangement and the manifold pleasures of judicious recreational controlled substance abuse? We've got just the thing.



54 Selected Passages from The Book of the SubGenius

It's a nasty can of worms we've opened for you here. A Pandora's box full of space monsters, insurance salesmen, false messiahs, Pink Boys, Lick Spittles, Compulators, Mole People and Signifying Monkeys—just to name a few. But there is a bright side to all this ugliness—"Bob." "Bob" is the bright side. And "Bob" helps those who line his pockets. So don't wait for the movie, read the book (or at least the parts we've excerpted this month).



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In the Navy

Editor:

I want to thank you for your response to my letter of four months ago requesting information on Syva's EMIT piss test. I am a responsible E-5 in the United States Navy. I've been recommended for two years in school so I can build myself up to a commission. I've been nominated for "Sailor of the Quarter" more than one time. I like my job a lot, some people would call me a "lifer." In other words, there is no way I could smoke pot, right? My ass! If they knew about my private life they'd have me in jail for years. There are many more like me, some are getting persecuted and prosecuted. Why?? I don't like a dirt-bag or someone who gets high on the job, but I do like my privacy. How can we put a stop to the injustice of grinding people's lives to a dead stop because of a God-given herb?

—Name and address withheld

Likes Our Recipe

Editor:

Thanks to your August article, "In Search of the Hash Fields of Morocco," I was able to take a pound of last year's colas that were poorly cured and badly degraded by anaerobic bacteria [it was completely unsmokable] and turn them into some fairly good hash. I did, though, take your process one step further by soaking the flour in a warm-water bath using coffee filters to draw the water. Then I dried the flour until it was barely damp, and pressed it as prescribed in your article. The end result was a nice-sized slab of black hash. Keep up the good work.

—Name and address withheld

Living Dangerously

Editor:

I grew this in my backyard in Massachusetts, about 12 miles north of Boston, and it was better smoking than it was looking. Believe it or not, a local detective lived right next door—and watered the plants while I was on vacation. They were only four months old when I cut them. I grew them inside under grow-type fluorescent lights for their first month.

—Name and address withheld



Invasion of Pody Snatchers

Editor:

An outtake from *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*? No, just the view from my back porch one week before harvest time. If you think these babies look semisentient here, you should see 'em on a head full of smoke waving in the breeze under the moonlight. I don't know how many times I've scared myself half to death—you'd think that after five years of growing these things, I'd remember that they were out there. I guess that's why they call it pot. Anyway, hope you can use the pix.

—Name and address withheld

Purple Mescaline: The Quest Continues

Editor:

I believe I may have some answers for "Gandalf" concerning Purple Mescaline [HIGH TIMES, "Letters," Sept. '83]. Purple Mescaline wasn't actually mescaline, it was a member of the amphetamine family: 2, 4, 5 trimethoxyamphetamine, or TMA-2.

TMA-2 is about 12 times more potent than mescaline, yet is similar in effect: colorful, happy, clear—as "Gandalf" pointed out—but without caus-

ing nausea as mescaline sometimes does. I have no idea where Purple Mescaline may have come from, however. The scarcity and limited area of distribution does suggest a lone alchemist operating small-time, rather than the more well known large operators like Owsley, Scully, Sand, etc.

1969 wasn't the last time TMA-2 made a brief but much-appreciated appearance. It turned up in my area in August of 1976 for about two weeks. It was offered as mescaline, but in small robin's-egg-blue tabs. Two or three made a good dose for tripping. This "mescaline" disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as it had appeared, and I have not seen it since.

It never seemed to be offered in quantity, and the reason for this is probably due to the fact that the main ingredient for TMA-2 costs \$17.50 a gram.

—Frodo

Southern O-high-O

And Continues...

Editor:

In regard to the "Quest for Purple" letter [HIGH TIMES, "Letters," Sept. '83], I offer this small contribution of information:

On the first of January 1981, to my mind, beyond a shadow of a doubt, I did a trip under the influence of this legendary Purple Mescaline. What convinced me was that its "personality" was the same as the "personality" of the Orange Sunshine barrels consumed right around the time Tim Leary climbed over his prison wall. I put this in context with Leary's escape because I thought the fellow dealing this stuff to me was bullshitting when he said that the best chemists on this coast got together to make a special batch to raise the money to get Leary out. But lo and behold, coincidence or not, a month or two later, Tim was out! And after reading his *Confessions of a Hope Fiend* I was left all the more convinced. Now, while the chemical high of the Sunshine was different than the chemical high of the Purple (obviously acid is different from mescaline), the "personality" was not different, it was the same. What do I mean by "personality"? A friend once told me that Owsley claimed that what ultimately determines the quality

/ continued on page 8



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LETTERS

/ continued from page 6
of a chemist's psychedelic batch is placement at the final and most critical stage of his/her personality into the product. No two personalities are alike, except in this case with the persona grata of Orange Sunshine/Purple Mescaline. Oh, how I prayed to and for the chemist(s) during that Purple session!!! To my mind/brain the question isn't so much what's happened to synthetic Purple Mescaline as it is what's happened to those chemists?!
—Dornas
Midstate N.Y.

"R"'s Reward

Editor:
Once again "R" has proven himself a master of not only primo smoke, but of literary suspense as well [HIGH TIMES, July '83]. I would, though, like to point out to "R," that his being a Connoisseur affords him far greater access to high-quality weed than the average smoker, and consequently, his tastes have become much more refined. I, for example, am a gone-to-California Kentuckian and I can tell you—the average Kentuckian would not only find California indica exciting, but probably the best smoke they've ever tasted. (And Kentucky has some good credentials—it ranked third in the number of plants destroyed by the DEA.) So in your dope awards you may call California indicas "boring," but remember, "R," the average American isn't capable of such a distinction.
—Frank Simpson
Address withheld

Doing Our Share

Editor:
Your readers include a very successful group of businessmen and entrepreneurs. Such a group has obligations to the society in which they live and work. Many local community organizations have experienced a significant decrease in financial donations from traditional sources—I know that this is true here in Alameda County, California.

I urge your readers to support their local community organizations—such as the YMCA, the Visiting Nurse Association and the American Cancer

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This new-age Raggedy Andy is a unique study in portraiture and comes to us courtesy of Dale Kinnamon of Boulder Creek, California. Observe the subtle exchange between the light and dark areas in the background of the composition, taking special note of the way he got that Thai-stick's shadow to look exactly like the head of a jumbo weenie with an immaculately circumcised tip. Well done, Dale.



Mug Full of Muggles II

Last July we ran a picture of a guy named Spark who'd managed to cram one hundred jays into his mouth and still get off a challenge to any and all comers to go him one jay better. So now here's Pete with a face full of one hundred *twelve* jays, and an "I dare you to top this" look in his eye. A friendly competition is always nice, but fellas, is this any way to treat a sacrament?

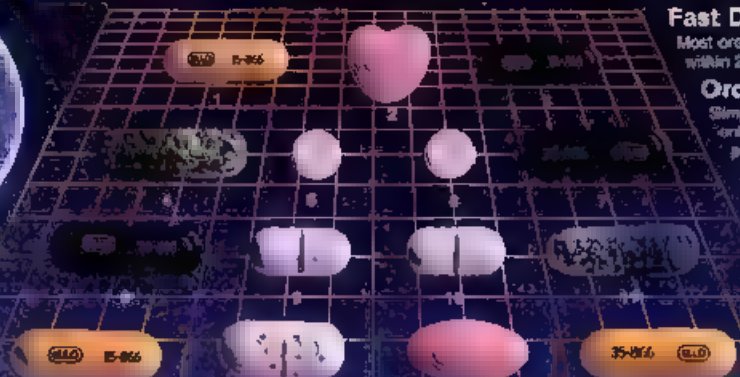
"Flashes" continues on page 15

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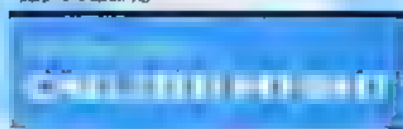
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LETTERS

/ continued from page 8

Society—with charitable, financially significant donations as an acknowledgment of this social responsibility

—John F. Simmons, Jr., M.D.
Oakland, Calif.

Getting out the Vote

Editor:

During the '60s we were projecting that it would be the '80s when the dope smokers would be in the government and prohibition would be lifted like magic, but the '80s are here and our Governor Deukmejian has just come up with a new supereradication program to spend money on so that we can continue to be deprived of our individual choice. So, it looks like the potheads of the '60s were too spaced out to make it seriously in politics and we have made very little progress after all. If legalization ever does happen, it will have to be with the popular vote, which means we have to get off our asses and register and vote, and push everyone we know to be registered, sign petitions to get initiatives onto the ballots and vote for them in November 1984. How long are we going to space this out?

How about using the influence of your magazine to push for getting people registered and out to vote? You need not take sides (since you know which way your people will be voting anyway). Just get them to the polls and they'll do the rest.

—Gary L. Eason
Eureka, Calif.

In light of the Reagan administration's call for a Holy War against California cannabis, your pessimism, Gary, is well founded. Yet you should not underestimate how far we've actually come these past years. For example, real or de facto decriminalization exists now in almost all states; marijuana taxation-and-regulation acts have already been submitted to state legislatures in Virginia, Oregon and Pennsylvania, Oregon and possibly even California plan to introduce marijuana initiatives in 1984. That's just a sampling of what's been accomplished so far. And if more people like yourself would wake up and involve themselves, we'd pretty likely be able to turn this thing around once and for all. —Ed

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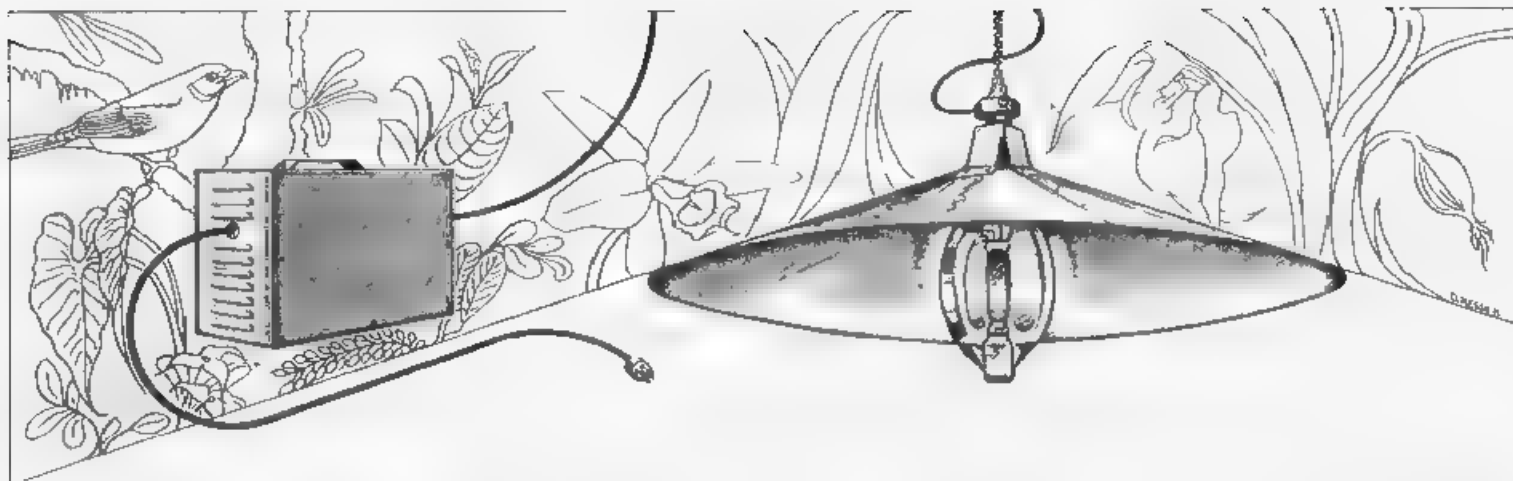
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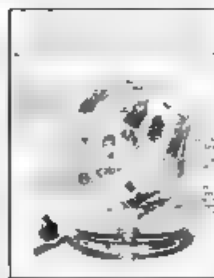
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54 Feb '80



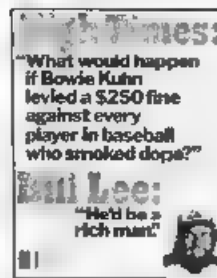
55 Mar '80



56 Apr '80



58 June '80



59 Jul '80



60 Aug '80



62 Oct '80



64 Dec '80



65 Jan '81



66 Feb '81



67 Mar '81



69 May '81



71 July '81



72 Aug '81



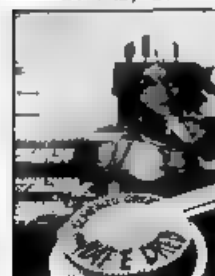
73 Sept '81



74 Oct '81



75 Nov '81



76 Dec '81



77 Jan '82



78 Feb '82



81 May '82



82 June '82



83 July '82



84 Aug '82



85 Sept '82



86 Oct '82



87 Nov '82

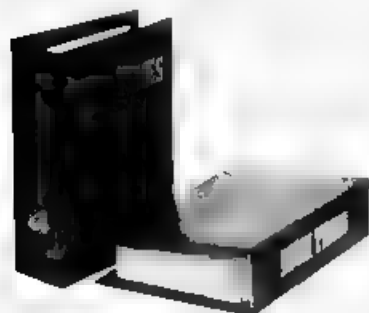


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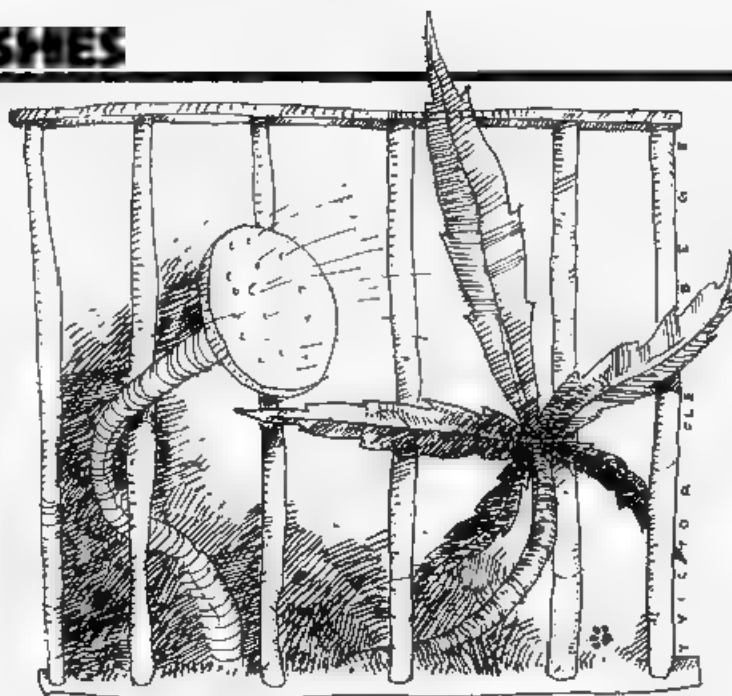
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Y. Victor Fineberg

Family Plot

Mrs. Dora Darrohn has plenty of time for remorse these days for she called the San Bernardino County Sheriff's Department to report that her husband, Robert, had been growing marijuana, and that she wanted both him and the pot confiscated. Well, a warrant was issued for him—but she was taken to the county jail and booked since she admitted to police that she had watered the plants knowing full well what kind of plants they were.

What ever happened to "to honor and obey"?—Ed

Submitted by A R Burk

Have a Coke and a Quaalude

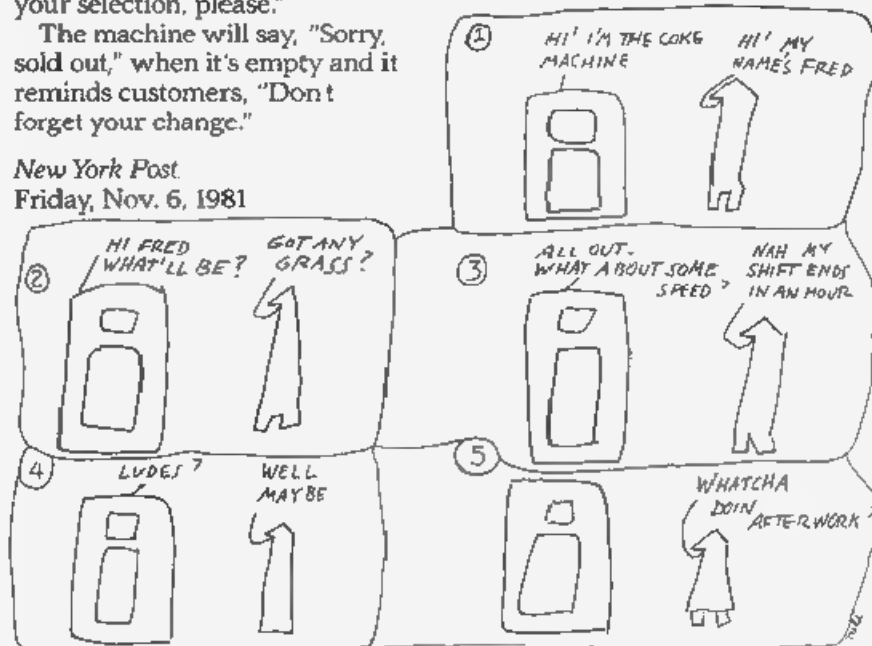
The Coca-Cola Co. has developed a vending machine that talks.

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New York Post
Friday, Nov. 6, 1981



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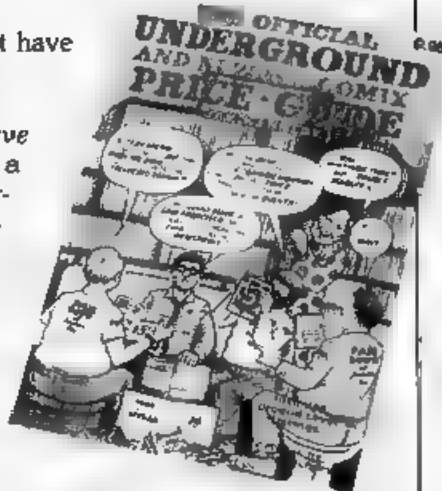
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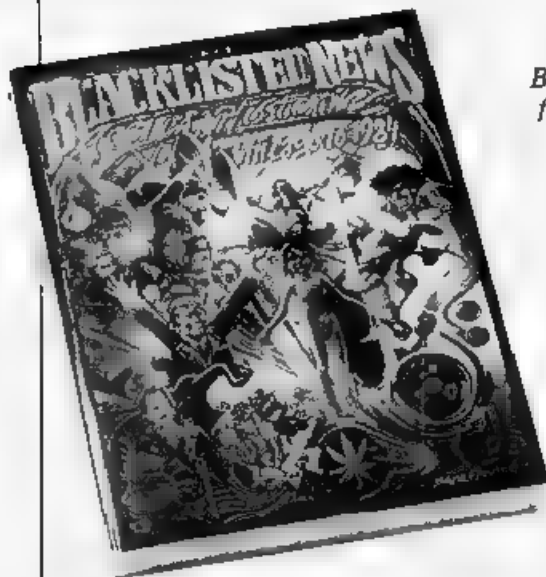
The HIGH TIMES Biblioblabber

Here's the word on a couple of books that have recently crossed our desk.

The Official Underground and New-Wave Comix Price Guide, by Jay Kennedy, is a complete bibliography of all the underground comix published up until mid-1982. Included also are a series of early underground reminiscences by various publishers and artists. This is the book that to a large measure determines the price of any given comix, so it's really a must for all of you interested in the underground market.



Blacklisted News: Secret Histories from Chicago to 1984, is an anthology of Yippie writings ranging from gutter rant to lofty theoretical polemic. Consisting of four sections (the last entitled, "The How to Revolt Handbook," contains all the information you need to start your own Yippie cell), it's a sprawling yet surprisingly wieldy tome that presents you with the Yip's eye view of the last 15 years. We liked it so much we plan to publish specially selected excerpts in an upcoming issue of HIGH TIMES.



L.A. on My Mind, Lord

Speaking of books, Freeway Records has just released the second volume of its trilogy anthology of L.A. songwriters, poets, performance artists and Ben Frank's counterbumps. *English as a Second Language* follows hot on the grooves of last year's double LP *Voices of the Angels*, and once again is an amazing mélange of left-coast weirdness. There's a hilarious piece by Charles Bukowski (HIGH TIMES' own columnist), Black Flag's Henry Rollins reading from his journals, Exene of X on Percy Mayfield, Steve Wynn of the Dream Syndicate doing "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" and Sunset Blvd. superstar Kim Fowley discoursing on "super-sexed rapist apes." All this and more for only \$12 including tax and postage for the two-record set from Freeway Records, P.O. Box 67930, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

Let's go out with a segment from Tom Waits's liner notes: "Here's to Los Angeles... May your car always start baby..."



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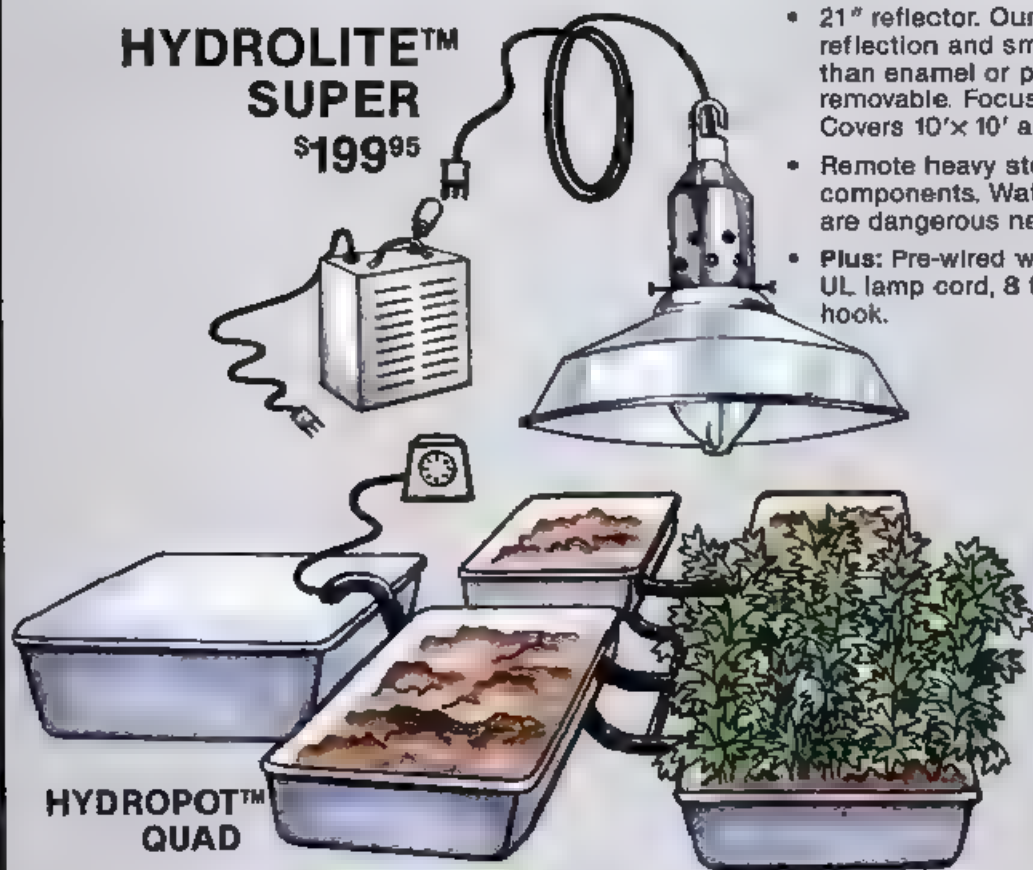
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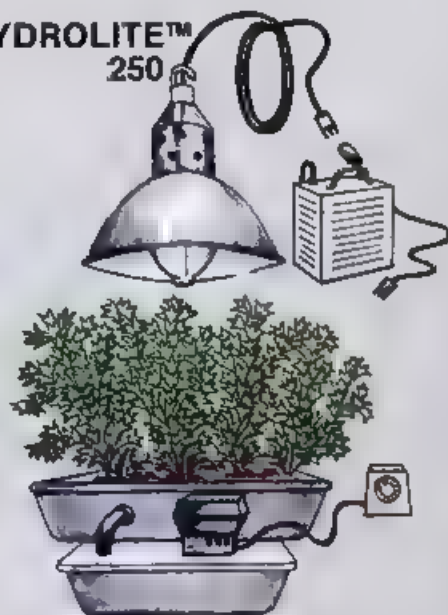
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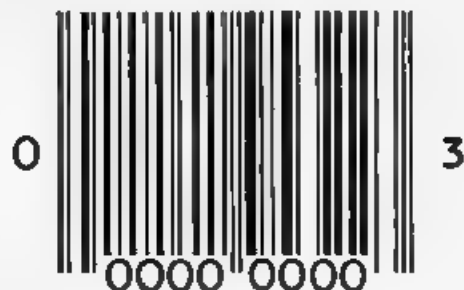
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This is a no-frills generic subscription ad. It occupies the same space as fancier theme-oriented subscription ads but it saves the management of this magazine thousands of dollars that would have been wasted on motivational research, coke-numbered copywriters and temperamental designers, not to mention the ridiculous amount of money that those thieves charge for color separations these days.

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LATE BULLETIN SPRAYING HALTED

EXACTLY ONE MONTH AFTER THE Georgia paraquat fiasco (covered in detail throughout this month's Highwitness News), federal district judge June Green acted to block all federal spraying of paraquat on marijuana. Heeding the evidence and beseechments submitted by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) and a coalition of environmental groups (the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, LEAF and the National Coalition against the Misuse of Pesticides), Judge Green granted a temporary restraining order that was to have continued through Sept. 26, when a hearing on a permanent injunction was to be held.

A day after the preliminary injunction was granted, the feds announced that there would be no more spraying this year. This "voluntary" action allowed the government to avoid defending its behavior again on Sept. 26 and, for the time being at least, calmed the storm of bad press brought on by the Georgia spraying.

The DEA is expected to attempt to launch another paraquat blitz next year, however, after submitting what promises to be a self-serving environmental impact statement. So NORML, the only organization charged with protecting the interests of America's 23 million potsmokers, must gear up for an extensive and expensive campaign of litigation to try to prevent it—at a time when they are sadly understaffed and underfunded. To aid in the fight, send contributions to: NORML, 2035 P St., Suite 410, Washington, D.C. 20036.

THE PARAQUAT PANIC OF 1983

FEDS SPRAY PLANTS IN GEORGIA, KENTUCKY



by Mark Swain

H E L E N , G E O R G I A

FOR WEEKS LAST SUMMER, THE GEORGIA PAPERS WERE RUNNING THE SAME Associated Press wirephoto: a Bell helicopter marked EVERGREEN with a big fat spraying tank strapped to its belly between its skids, prowling through the sky over the beautiful bucolic Blue Ridge countryside, in the midst of which a little white church figured prettily, its Protestant steeple pointing upward at this apparition in dignified reproach.

It turned out to be more than symbolic. That church was the Nacoochee Presbyterian Church, the Reverend Jerry Brinegar pastor, and the paraquat that Evergreen helicopter sprayed had hardly begun to operate before that church was full of angry people.

"This isn't Nazi Germany!" roared White County commissioner Lanier Chambers, who runs a real-estate company "We don't have to stand for it." He swore that he would immediately work up

/ continued on page 20

PANIC



/ continued from page 19

a writ to impound all the federal equipment involved in the spraying program, and was gratified by the enthusiasm that generated among the 400 people jammed into the pews, sitting in the aisles and choir loft.

George Fain, the mayor of Helen, read aloud a foul-tempered protest on behalf of his community to the press, who had come up in force from Atlanta to cover the pot killing. This was the second week in August, Fain pointed out, the height of the tourist season, and tourism is virtually the only source of outside capital for the whole county. So it certainly was an unfortunate time for the federal government to bring in helicopters to poison their beautiful woods with this nationally notorious superherbicide.

Reverend Brinegar distributed 100 reprints of last May's *Science Digest* article on paraquat's ultratotoxicity among the congregation; the reprints had been express-delivered to Brinegar that very day by the article's author, Andy Revkin, who knows Brinegar from environmentalist circles.

Then the plate was passed, and somehow those 400 White County people managed to put together \$2,500 on the spot to launch a class-action lawsuit against the federal government. Attorney Dave Walbert drew up papers to incorporate Citizens Opposed to Paraquat Spraying—COPS—and drove a copy of the *Science Digest* article straight to federal magistrate John Moyes in Atlanta, 60 miles south.

Judge Moyes, an archconservative Nixon appointee, read the article and said in court on Monday morning, to both Dave Walbert and the battery of government defense lawyers: "It appears clear that it is a real dangerous substance that you're dealing with." The paraquat on the pot plants up in White County had barely finished its job before Moyes enjoined the U.S. Government from spraying it on marijuana again in his district.

The spraying took place on a Friday. The injunction came down on Monday. And already on Sunday the White House in Washington, D.C., had smeared all the plaintiffs in that lawsuit as drug addicts and drug traffickers. White House drug-policy aide Pat McKelvey characterized the paraquat suit as "hysteria," which was being purposely "manufactured by the growers and the people who would like to see marijuana legalized."

The White House here was referring to the White County Board of Commissioners, the Helen Chamber of Commerce and

the several hundred members of COPS, all plaintiffs in this action.

"It was the mud we expected them to sling," Reverend Brinegar of the Nacoochee Presbyterian Church says disgustedly. "All I can say in response is that before the White House says that again, they should come down here and be personally introduced to the deacons and elders and vestrymen of this church, who are party to this lawsuit." Brinegar has also explained to *HIGH TIMES*—in terms that might be characterized as fire and brimstone—exactly what he thinks about

marijuana and people who fiddle with it.

"Paraquat, paraquat, paraquat."

White House drug-abuse aide Patrick McKelvey was, until quite recently, a ranking narcotics commissioner of the New York City Police Department. Last autumn, during the paraquat blitzkrieg of the Southeast, McKelvey was on the staff of White House Drug Policy Adviser Carleton Turner. While Turner publicly mouthpiece the paraquat program in well-scripted media announcements, it

/ continued on page 27



"LEAVE NOT THY PLACE": The Reverend Jerry Brinegar (far left) discusses with Commissioner Lanier Chambers (right) the prospects of taking a hickory switch to Carleton Turner



"MOONSHINERS TURNED POT FARMERS": White County folks file into the pews of the Nacoochee Presbyterian Church for a town meeting, in the full glare of the Atlanta media.



THE PRINCE OF PARAQUAT



SPRAYS POT, PEDDLES TEST KITS

by Dean Latimer

NEW YORK CITY

AT LAST IT CAN BE RE-vealed. Dr. Carleton Turner, Ronald and Nancy Reagan's personal adviser on drug-abuse issues, is a failed paraphernalia profiteer. More appalling yet, he's been good buddies with me and Ed Rosenthal for years and years.

This personal connection between HIGH TIMES, the doper's Bible, and the White House Drug Czar has been a secret so dark and bloody that I am loath, even now, to reveal it. Remember the last time there was a big Paraquat Panic, and NORML founder Keith Stroup divulged his own personal intimacy with the erstwhile White House Drug Czar, and what immediately happened then to that poor guy?

But now that Dr. Turner has become the very prince of paraquat, dispatching poison-spewing helicopters across state lines to promote another Paraquat Panic, I really have no choice. Sure, the poor ding-a-ling is only being forced to play front man for the thugs in the Drug Enforcement Administration who really want to poison some American kids in order to "send a message to Colombia." But the fact is, Carleton's doing this disgraceful, criminal thing! I told him two years ago, when the Reaganauts first brought him to Washington, that if he ever started personally messing with paraquat, I would trot this particular skeleton out of his closet. Now he's up to his redneck Adam's apple in 'quat, so roll dem bones.

First, a little background. Dr. Carleton Turner was growing pot in Mississippi in April of 1978, when the pop media suddenly discovered that the DEA had been spraying Mexican pot with paraquat for years. Since Turner was the only person in the country with a federal license to grow marijuana, the media assumed he knew something special about the stuff,



Baron Worman

Dr. Carleton Turner

and flocked to his skanky pot patch on the Ole Miss campus to be taught about it.

But all Carleton really is, y'see, is a redneck chemist who has intimate affiliations with the ultra-Right American Council on Drug Education (formerly American Council on Marijuana). So when the media asked him about pot, they were told that paraquat sanitized it, if anything. He made pot out to be as comprehensively poisonous as Strontium 90, employed the word "children" whenever possible and generally helped set the infantile tone that has characterized the American marijuana debate for the last five years.

Now, Ed Rosenthal here couldn't fathom why that garbage was coming out of Carleton's mouth. Turner's own papers on fundamental cannabinoid biochemistry had been a terrific resource for Ed's *Growers Guide*, and he knew Carleton knew better than what he was saying to the media. So Ed flew down to Ole Miss himself, and queued up with the general media to get Dr. Turner on tape.

It was very disappointing. Turner fed Rosenthal the same prepackaged Gabriel Nahas, reefer-madness sermon as he was feeding everyone else—brain damage, "fat solubility," birth defects, chromo-

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comes—and refused to deviate for one syllable into honesty. But what was even more disappointing, Ed got a tour of Carleton's marijuana garden. "The man never pruned a plant in his life," Ed told me, scandalized. Carleton Turner, in Ed's opinion, was not a pot farmer. He wasn't even a decent florist!

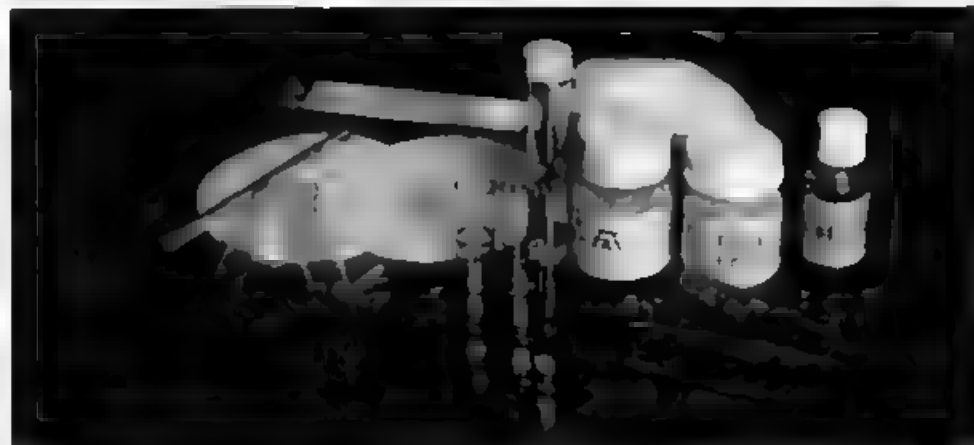
That was not a happy season at HIGH TIMES, the year of the Paraquat Panic. The media were discovering paraquat-poisoned children everywhere and the phones here were ringing off the hook every day. It was like running a 24-hour drug-counseling hotline, talking to all those people—all ages, accents, intelligence quotients, from all over the country—who were positive they had been personally poisoned by paraquat, or someone they loved had been. Every time a teenage kid caught cold, it seemed, the parents would call HIGH TIMES, half accusing and half imploring, and desperate for the truth about pot and 'quat. I sure am not looking forward to that again, the minute someone sprays a single pot bush in Colombia.

Nor am I looking forward to driving away the 'quat-kit advertisers again. In that year, every tech-head who'd ever taken organic chemistry was designing paraquat-identification kits and flocking to HIGH TIMES to get themselves national ad space. Since I allegedly have some intimate knowledge of chemistry (or so it alleges in my DEA file), I was assigned to check these things out. I will not bore you here with the chemical details, but it was in this way I first deduced that there really was no paraquat pot, anywhere in the country.

Paraquat is an excellent herbicide. It kills plants dead. It binds with the genes in the cell nuclei and shuts that whole organism down like a factory on strike. It so thoroughly corrupts the material that the plant becomes comprehensively unpalatable, and hence unsalable. No dealer would buy a whole lot of paraquat pot, see? So there was no paraquat pot on the streets: QED. Since this deduction concurred with the independent field observations of HIGH TIMES founding editor Tom Forcade—who personally knew scores of middleweight pot dealers representing independent, hippie-dippie syndicates all over the country—we laid down a bitterly totalitarian policy. There would be no 'quat-kit ads in this magazine, ever.

We turned away a fortune in ad revenue that year. As Forcade's flunky in charge of turning the 'quat-kit people away, I also personally refused at least a kilo of bribe cocaine, and even some very pretty girls. If we'd run a single 'quat-kit ad, that would have lent HIGH TIMES' endorsement to the Paraquat Panic, and it would probably still be going on.

Then in October that year—just as the



PRETTY PARAPHERNALIA Designed by Dr. Carleton Turner, patented by the University of Mississippi at Oxford, merchandised by Landis Labs of Pennsylvania, and a great big fat conflict of interests.

media were showing signs of getting bored at last with the Paraquat Panic—Dr. Carleton Turner began calling me on the phone from Ole Miss. He was developing a 'quat kit of his own, he told me, and was interested in the prospect of plugs and ad space in HIGH TIMES. He had read some of my stuff on pot, he lied, and been impressed by its scientific tone, and would be happy to serve as my ex officio science adviser, so long as I kept it confidential. And Dr. Turner bullshit and ass-kissed me like that, every few days, for weeks.

Of course I never told him about the no-'quat-kit policy. When you've got the country's only licensed marijuana botanist on your hook, you keep him talking. Carleton didn't know much about pot that was fascinating, but he was an invaluable guide to research resources: a walking, talking pot bibliography, Carleton Turner.

An incredible redneck, too. Inevitably, talking to this good old boy in Mississippi, I reverted to my own natural-born, good-old-boy Appalachia twang, which promoted a special chumminess. After I let on to Carleton that I didn't smoke the stuff myself (which is the public image I love to promote), he got down with me considerable. Obviously I was just a bright old good old boy like him, milking this marijuana foolishness for all the money it was worth. The man's basic attitude really is that the stuff is only smoked by the likes of Negro jazz musicians and their dim-witted white admirers. I began to heartily wish he'd get his damned 'quat kit finished, so's I could get my hands on it and sever this relationship.

Now, this man was being just totally dishonest, and I knew that beyond question. Here's how:

Like me, Carleton was aware that the single factor keeping the Paraquat Panic still afloat, seven months along, were the PharmChem statistics. In Menlo Park, PharmChem Laboratories were getting

hundreds of pot samples every week, mailed in anonymously from all around the country. Ever since April, every single week, PharmChem had publicly reported that one-third of all samples submitted that week had turned up positive for paraquat. Every single week, a steady 33 percent positive rate. It looked as though a third of all the pot in the country was poisoned with paraquat, and that's what was keeping the media panic afloat. That and no other thing!

Now, Carleton Turner was entirely aware, as we were aware, that there were three other labs around the country testing street pot, and not finding any paraquat. SP Lab in Florida wasn't reporting any tainted samples, and neither were Schoenfeld Laboratories in Albuquerque or Lab for Chromatography in New York. Altogether, they were testing a lot more samples, from a broader selection area, than PharmChem, and they never saw any paraquat, all that year. Moreover, they were using a foolproof process—gas-liquid chromatography with mass spectrometry, GLC/MS—and PharmChem wasn't. The Menlo Park techs were only running thin-layer chromatography, TLC, a rudimentary slide-and-solvent procedure that is notoriously prey to all sorts of glitches. I rather suspected that some party at PharmChem was keeping an open bottle of paraquat somewhere near the chromatography slide rack, and Dr. Carleton Turner—whose Ph.D. is in chemistry—logically ought to have assumed the same thing.

Most conclusively of all, the DEA wasn't publishing daily reports on all the paraquat-contaminated marijuana that would have been turning up in police evidence bins everywhere if PharmChem's TLC stats were accurate. That meant for sure there was no paraquat pot anywhere in America. The DEA was testing furiously for the stuff all year long, and if they had actually found any, you never would

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

have heard the end of it to this day

So Carleton Turner, who knew all this stuff as well as I did, was being just absolutely dishonest with this 'quat-kit flimflam. The simplest and likeliest explanation is that he just wanted to make a million bucks by exploiting drug fears that he knew to be wholly groundless. Or if you like the guy, you can speculate that he was working in the higher ethical interests of scaring kids off pot, his 'quat-kit ad in HIGH TIMES, the doper's Bible, would be a lovely way to rejuvenate media interest in the Paraquat Panic. In any case, Carleton Turner spent a whole month blandishing and bullshitting me, while a company in Philadelphia put his damned 'quat kit together

I hope he lost his personal shirt on it, after I strung him along like that. It really was just the prettiest little confection of drug paraphernalia I've ever seen, and must have cost a mint to produce, and so far as I know it never sold a single unit. I keep and treasure mine to this day

The lady who gave it to me, free, was pretty neat herself. Her name was Phyllis, and she owned the company that put the prototype gimmick together from Carleton's blueprints, and she came all the way from Philly to New York City to demonstrate it for me in my office. She demonstrated some pretty neat pantyhose choreography, too, as she sat there cross-legged on my rug, showing me and Bob Lemmo, my old drinking buddy (and ex-HIGH TIMES editor), the proper way to test marijuana for paraquat contamination. Luckily, we happened to have same on hand that day, somehow, and it tested negative.

I don't recall a word she said, being about equally enchanted with her gingerale pantyhose and Doctor Turner's Handy-Dandy Miracle Paraquat Test Kit. It was so cute! It had lovely little plastic bottles with strongly worded warnings on the labels, and it had miniature lab flasks and measuring vials, and it had little packets of white powders, and litmus-paper strips, and the sweetest little pair of spring-hung lab tongs, for handling all those poisonous, inflammable acids and bases and reagents

Jesus, yes, I realized within myself. Dr Carleton Turner, knowing perfectly well that paraquat-tainted marijuana was not a public health threat, was prepared to ex-

plot the fear of it by merchandising sulfuric acid, methylene chloride and all sorts of other chemicals that should be always kept out of the reach of the children who read HIGH TIMES. I've never opened a single bottle or packet in that damned kit. I know I would manage to get some of that poisonous garbage in my mustache, and it would make everything taste strange for days and days. I'm a pothead, dammit! Doctors generally know better than to put dangerous chemicals in the hands of potheads and other childlike beings.

As I cordially escorted Phyllis out to the HIGH TIMES lobby with her quat kit securely tucked under my arm, I happened to encounter founding editor Tom Forcade, who was in a foul mood that day "Here's Dr. Turner's paraquat kit!" I exulted

"Get it out of my sight," he snapped. And Carleton Turner has not dialed my number since that day, and I have been deeply grateful for that.

Not for another six months did the world learn that there was no paraquat pot on the streets in this country, that there never had been any on the streets and the whole year-long Paraquat Panic had been a self-perpetuating fraud: popular delusion and the madness of crowds. And of course, when that particular paraquat item broke, it never even made the wire services.

Virtually the only print it ever made, in fact, was the original item in the Centers for Disease Control's tastily titled "Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report." In their 17 April 1979 issue, CDC lab techs reported on a rather beautiful little investigation they'd just concluded

Very quietly, these federal chemists had solicited samples of confiscated marijuana from state and county police property rooms. They collected 910 samples that had been seized, in every region of the country, during every month of 1978 and '79 so far. They tested all these hundreds of samples for paraquat and discovered that less than 4 percent were contaminated with it, and of that 3.6 percent, 21 percent represented seizures along the Mexican border

You can check it out, if you wish, in *Marijuana and Health*, 1982. "Samples of marijuana confiscated at the United States-Mexico border have disclosed

/ continued on page 26

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LEXINGTON LAWYER LAUGHS OFF BOONE FOREST SPRAYING

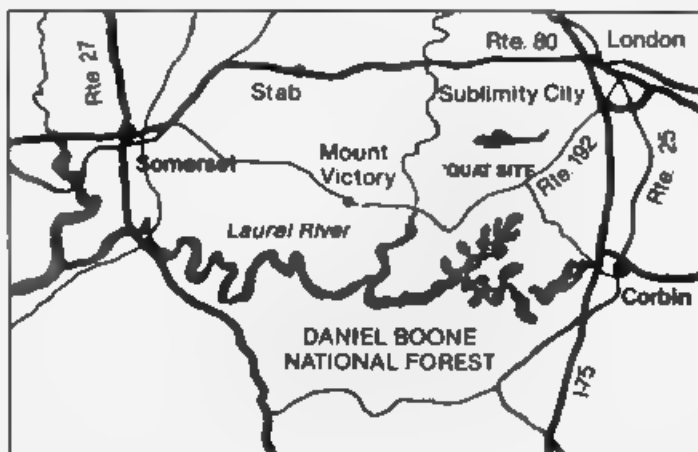
by Claire Winston-Levy

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT Administration managed to paraquat Kentucky on 17 August 1983—exactly a week after the Georgia fiasco—without visibly injuring anybody but themselves. They were given an old rope plantation so far back in the Daniel Boone National Forest that only the birds and the bees, the possums and the 25 DEA narcs who were "intrepid" enough to secure the area, received any paraquat exposure.

They made much in their initial publicity reports of the "one hundred sixty-four monster marijuana plants, thirteen to eighteen feet tall" that they spray-blighted. These badge-toting drug experts knew perfectly well, of course, that no marijuana cultivators ever let their plants get higher than six feet, and that what they had obviously paraquatted was an ancient, abandoned rope-hemp farm. Kentucky was once the nation's foremost producer of hemp fiber, as these old overgrown hemp patches—which are continually being rediscovered by the police—nostalgically testify. Lexington hemp champion Gatewood Galbraith celebrates the DEA's idiotic action here, for replenishing public interest in the long-neglected issue of commercial hemp production in Kentucky.

"The DEA could not have followed my own choreography better, to pick up more disdain and hatred for themselves," the drawlsome, Lincoln-esque lawyer was still beaming weeks after the incident, savoring the "Letters" column in that morning's *Times-Herald*. "The papers and the entire media have been uniformly hostile, these Letters columns simply blis-



AN OLD ROPE PLANTATION: The Kentucky blight site was well out of the range of human habitation. It was a patch of overgrown hemp plants that had been growing wild for at least 50 years, when the Harry Anslinger laws put all the Kentucky rope producers out of business. It was about 60 miles southeast of Lexington.

ter with hatred for the DEA. They've created a massive turnaround—an awakening, really—of public and official interest in the marijuana issue in Kentucky. Politicos and news people are talking to me now that didn't dare talk to me just last month, for fear of being smeared as soft on drugs. But look how the worm has turned."

The DEA's paraquat was welcomed into the state of Kentucky—over Gov. John Y. Brown's vocal objections—by former governor Julian Carroll, newly appointed head of "Kentucky War on Drugs," the "private" anti drug outfit that the feds created to lobby for paraquat, DEA model laws, etc. "Julian Carroll believed he could make a comeback as some shining knight carrying the antidrug banner," chuckles Galbraith, in his bustling office on Cheapside Street. "Now, the reason Julian's not governor anymore is that all through the last election he was under investigation for a

major insurance-fraud swindle, and his top aide went to prison for it. But Julian figured he could wipe the slate clean by taking over Kentucky War on Drugs, and banging the administration's gong for paraquat. And he did, and look what happened."

Since there were no honest eyewitnesses that deep in the wilds of Dan'l Boone, only the DEA's own account is available. They say they backpacked 25 narcs and two photographers to the site, which had been spotted by Kentucky state troopers from a fixed-wing, days or weeks before. The agents strung up their red helicopter guidance balloons around the patch, donned head-to-toe protective gear and oxygen respirators, and waited for their helicopter to cruise the spot and then sit over it for seven minutes, evacuating a huge cloud of high-concentration paraquat for the benefit of their videotape crew. They watched their "monster" plants desiccate all day, camped out next to

them overnight, and the next afternoon they donned their moon suits again, uprooted the debris and burned it. They claimed the whole operation only wasted 10,000 taxpayer dollars.

"That was the lead in the *Herald* story about the spraying that day: a hundred sixty-four hemp plants paraquatted for ten thousand dollars." Galbraith treasures the clippings. "They put the story right next to an item about how three Shelby County deputies, the same day, hand-harvested twenty thousand pot bushes in one afternoon without even asking for overtime."

Gatewood Galbraith's private practice is a nerve-racking, phone-ringing mélange of criminal prosecutions, accident lawsuits, custody battles, wills and property transfers. For recreation, then, Galbraith for the last 12 years has run a one-man hemp lobby in the state capitol here: the Future Kentucky Marijuana Grower's Association. Galbraith has exhaustively researched the history of hemp husbandry in Kentucky, and his eloquent, preacherlike oratory about this abandoned industry strikes a perfectly patriotic note.

"Just sixty years ago, Kentucky hemp furnished the best all-purpose fiber in the United States: baling twine, ship cables, even government paper, all made out of Kentucky hemp. Then the polymer industry developed, and they had to take this plant out of the competition. Tincture of cannabis, extracted from Kentucky hemp, was used for colds, fevers, headaches, seasickness, indigestion—and it worked fine for all of them. So when the patent-medicine industry consolidated every-



Gatewood Galbraith

thing, they also had to take this unpatentable plant out of commission. That's why they're still paraquatting it today. But the long-term question that'll have to be settled here someday is simply this: Who gets to produce it for the country? The farmer or the pharmacist?"

Galbraith ran for the elective of vice of state agricultural commissioner early this year, and amazed himself—at the very peak of Kentucky War on Drugs' high-visibility antimarijuana hysteria campaign—by pulling 43,000 votes. "The winner pulled 130,000 votes, of course, but then he paid \$160,000 for them. My campaign only cost \$10,000. So he paid over a dollar a vote, and I paid less than a quarter a vote, I figure. Now that Kentucky War on Drugs has been shown for what they are, maybe I'll replace him in the next election."

How was it that the feds dared to dump paraquat on Kentucky, even over Governor Brown's objections? Well, as extensively reported in the *New York Times* (and in "Highwitness News," *HIGH TIMES*, July '83), Brown himself is currently under federal investigation—along with a good deal of Lexington's foremost horse-racing aristocracy—for a whole lot of cocaine money that gets regularly laundered through Kentucky racetracks and Las Vegas casinos. "They've got him on the ropes," Galbraith agreed, as he was dashing out to interview an auto-accident plaintiff. "Too bad. I always thought John Y. Brown was a nice enough fellow." HT

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PRINCE



/ continued from page 23

that about 21 percent of the confiscated marijuana was contaminated with paraquat in varying concentrations." No indication that this was 21 percent of 3.6 percent of the entire national sample. No indication that this sample was taken during the Paraquat Panic year of 1978, and is not a regular thing. Very scientific, these National Academy of Sciences scribes.

Now, this 3 percent positive rate was a tad disproportionate with the 30 percent ratio that PharmChem was still monotonously reporting, week after week. So those federal chemists solicited from PharmChem all its TLC-derived "positives," and went over them with foolproof GLC/MS. Sure enough, not a single one of them had ever really been tainted with 'quat.

PharmChem promptly shut down its 'quat-testing program, and will not test for 'quat to this day. No one there has ever furnished an explanation of what went wrong, but then, few people besides me have ever bothered to ask for the record "Something went wrong," I was told for the record. Now, they're decent enough folks at PharmChem, and their street-dope testing project is a valuable and reliable service. (Nowadays they confirm any TLC positive results, of any sort, with gas-column chromatography.) I'm perfectly ready to accept that nobody there today knows what went wrong, exactly. It's my understanding that an individual named Ted Schramm was associated with them, in some capacity or other, in 1978.

Schramm—an exceedingly private citizen who haunts the highest aeries of the Drug Abuse Industrial Complex—had previously been on the White House Drug Czar's staff under Peter Bourne, and subsequent to the Paraquat Panic he went back on that selfsame staff (somehow) to work under Drug Czar Lee Dogoloff, cochairman of the American Council on Drug Education and one of the fishiest goddamn characters in the whole Drug Abuse Industrial Complex itself.

Mr. Schramm is currently a drug-advice consultant to both the Department of Defense and the Environmental Protection Agency, I'm told. And I'm told that it was Schramm last spring who brokered out the DOD's multi-million-dollar marijuana piss-test project to one of his former EPA clients, Mead BioChem of Maryland.

See? If you do it right, you can milk this marijuana foolishness for even more mazuma than us two bright old good old boys, Carleton Turner and Dean Latimer, put together. **HT**

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PANIC



continued from page 20

was narcotics officer Pat McKelvey who had the job of lying to the people who called in asking about paraquat all that month.

On the day before the Friday spraying in Georgia, Dr. Turner announced to the Georgia media that it was going to happen. When HIGH TIMES called the White House that day to ask about it, it was McKelvey who did the lying to us.

"We're not going to be spraying any paraquat!" he made it perfectly clear. "The Drug Enforcement Administration is in total charge of the entire project." The White House was merely cheerleading the herbiciding—which was "definitely healthful," in the medical opinion of Dr. Carleton Turner. (Turner's Ph.D. is in chemistry.) Asked repeatedly if the DEA would comply with the strict federal guidelines for marijuana-spraying projects decreed last year by Washington, D.C., federal magistrate Barrington Parker, McKelvey said, "Definitely. Of course. Certainly."

On the same day, Kathy Bennett of Sautee, a crossroads about four miles from Helen, asked the same question of the Atlanta branch of the Drug Enforcement Administration: Would the DEA observe Judge Parker's emphatic ban on aerial spraying of marijuana? "Of course we will," affirmed veteran narcotics officer Pierre "Pete" Charette for her, "definitely." Kathy Bennett, a college-trained environmentalist who has published some stringent environmental-impact statements for proposed construction projects in North Georgia, had been shocked to hear the feds talking about spraying paraquat in the Blue Ridge. Paraquat, a strictly agricultural herbicide, had never before been sprayed on forestland in the United States. Pete Charette, who has risked his life to put Southeast Asian heroin smugglers in jail, swore to Kathy Bennett that strictly manual, bush-by-bush spraying would be involved. No aircraft.

The next day, Friday, at precisely two o'clock in the afternoon, a flotilla of low-flying helicopters rattled the windowpanes on Kathy Bennett's house up off Old Chimney Mountain Road. She ran out with her three-year-old daughter to behold that very same Evergreen helicopter with the great spray-tank lashed to its belly, passing overhead, trailed by several backup police copters and a perfect swarm of press helicopters. A few minutes later, federal agents appeared at her door, and at the door of her neighbor Cindy Dennis, a

continued on page 71

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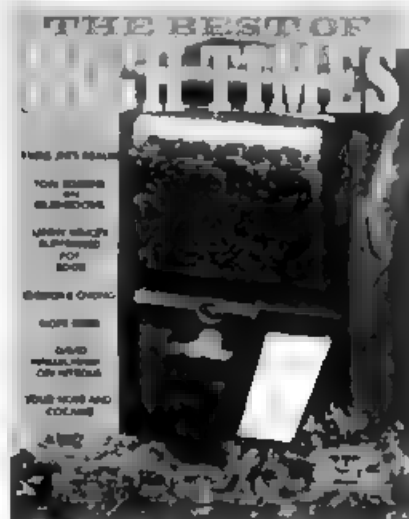
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

COKE BLIZZARD HITS MIAMI

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

While it hasn't yet become obvious to the gram-buying consumer, the price of cocaine has plummeted to the lowest level in recent memory, to a third of what it was a little over a year ago. Sounds good to the casual user, but as American motorists learned during the oil "scarcity" and subsequent glut, prices of some things never come down—not very much, anyway. The profits in this "buyer's market" will go mainly to the dealers.

The "worst snowstorm to hit Miami ever," in the words of one observer, began about a year ago when some of the big coke-smuggling organizations began to break down—for reasons that aren't entirely clear. By most accounts, however, it seems there is simply so much available product in South America that the market has been thrown open to free-lancers, and the trade is beyond control. With their clearly defined turfs, noncompetitive marketing strategies and you-deal-you-die enforcement system, the coke-dealing dynasties, until recently, had been able to assure supply-and-cost stability in the Miami area. Now, complain aging *contrabandistas*, restraint and order have been flung to the wind. Émigré carpet-baggers and barnstormers are flooding the market, fearlessly carrying as much toot as frail crafts or \$2 plastic suitcases can hold.

One reason for the current glut is two consecutive excellent growing seasons in the coca-cultivation areas. An indicator of just how bounteous the harvests have been is the price of coffee at your local supermarket. Since coca and coffee are related shrubs that thrive in the same high-altitude climates (along with marijuana), a good year for one is generally a good year for the other—and coffee prices, you may have noticed, have dropped by almost 50 percent. Astute dealers monitor the coffee market attentively.

In the coke market, however, actual "price" dips are usually available only to those at the top, and major wholesalers cleaned up this fall. Fifty-grand kilos were going \$30,000—cheaper by the dozen. The main benefits to the weekend snorter were a less-cut product and wider availability. Jars of coke cut could be seen gath-

ering dust on the shelves of headshops in major cities, and decent blow could reportedly be purchased in the discos of Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan.

But, if the trend continues and it shows no signs of abating—the price of cocaine could drop to \$75 a gram, or even lower, as the canvas duffel bags back up on the airfields of the Southeast.

As time goes by... Now that NBC News and other media giants have aired charges that Robert Vesco runs an enormous dealing apparatus off a private island in the Caribbean, does anybody remember the same story from a decade ago? That story first appeared in a Toronto newspaper and was picked up by the Underground Press Syndicate in New York (the embryo from which HIGH TIMES eventually developed). From there it found its way into underground newspapers, and that's where I saw it, and can still see it now, through the mists of 10 years and 40,000 joints.

In the story, the reporter had tracked down a pilot who had flown one of the many planes Vesco and his associates used to manage their quarter-billion-dollar international empire. The pilot said that, on numerous occasions, he had smuggled contraband—what he believed to be heroin—on the company plane from Italy and France. The reason the U.S. press never followed up on this intriguing story, is that the "contraband" was flown into Canadian, not U.S., airports.

Now NBC reports Vesco on a private island with a 3,000-foot airstrip, a half-dozen planes (including jets), a radio installation, a fleet of boats and a refrigerated warehouse. From there, the report avers, Vesco shuffles pot, coke, Quaaludes and other dope to receptive ports.

Could Vesco be the elusive Mr. Big that has long been a linchpin of dope-dealer legend and lore? It was seriously believed, before the Hispanic mafiosi took over most of the American drug trade, that one major figure was pulling strings—somebody with money, accessibility, international fluidity and protection by government honchos in a half-dozen countries.

This Vesco story could become very interesting indeed.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	a trickle	oz	70-90
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	lb	750-850
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	125
	making the rounds	lb	1,000-1,200
Mexican tops		oz	325-350
		lb	2,800-3,600
Home-made "cake"	impotent	oz	50-85
hash		lb	450-650
Afghan hash	replaced by Leb	gm	.5
		oz	260
Kashmir hash	reddish	gm	.5
	rocket fuel	lb	3,250
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	25
		oz	375
Hash	red Leb	oz	200
		lb	175-200
LSD	blots from England	one	2,000-2,500
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	100	200-450
		oz	3-6
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	100	275-450
		gm	130-200
		oz	2,000-3,200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	slow	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
		lb	30-80
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	150-200
		lb	1,500-2,000
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	40-75
		lb	.75-2.25
		oz	2,500-3,500

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	1,250-3,750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	problems solved	oz	50-100
		kilo	1,000-2,000
Black Afghan hash	top banana	oz	60-20
		kilo	1,200-2,200
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-135
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	100-150
		gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
		lb	200
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	6-10
Cocaine base		lb	70-100
Cocaine	lots pure as the driven snow	oz	2-4
		lb	40-60
LSD	traded for blow	one	negotiable
		oz	25-40

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color sweetness varies	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1,500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz	25
Oaxaca	long-stem beauties	lb	175
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	10
		lb	90
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	oz	25
		lb	230
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	20
		lb	175
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	oz	15
		lb	150
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	gm	30-50
		oz	1-2

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Fast black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African sticks	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30+
LSD	European blots called 'De Lorean White'	oz	6
Cocaine		gm	160

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1,650-1,750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stony	oz	160
		lb	1,800
Panam a red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
		gm	15-20
Pakistani hash	fresh, pressed	gm	225-250
		oz	10-15
Afghan hash	greenish black, fluffy	gm	175-200
		oz	10-15
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$ great	gm	175-200
		oz	250-300
Thai sticks		one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of homemade	oz	5
Moonshine		pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Carmel, Cal.	pope blotter acid	oz	2
New York City	early upstate sinse buds, terrific	oz	225
Madison, Wis.	feeble Colombian, only game in town	oz	40
Seattle	cheap, stickless	oz	150
	Thai, stock up	oz	100
Columbus, Ohio	red Leb hash, yawn	oz	100
Washington, D.C.	capital coke, blistering 60%	gm	110
Silver Springs, Md.	boot ludes, even these a hard find	oz	10
Miami	pearly pure Peruvian toot, c.o.d.	lb	30,000

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	season waning	oz	.80-2.75
		lb	1,750-2,400
Commercial Mexican	sometimes too dry	oz	60-80
Top-grade Mexican	gold and green sinse	lb	650-950
Jamaican	negligible supply	oz	110-140
		lb	1,100-1,650
Jamaican sinsemilla	out of season	oz	45-65
Cotacamel	good, off-season stock	oz	450-550
Colombian	top-flight gold, thinning out	oz	175
Primo Colombian	mostly losers	oz	.100-1,500
		lb	60-65
Thai sticks	extended giut	oz	550-875
		lb	75-85
Loose Thai	lots of mediocrity	oz	675-750
		lb	10-25
Hawaiian	here, but in lesser volume	oz	180-225
		lb	160-200
Lebanese hash	fresh, gummy slabs	oz	.300-2,000
		lb	235-300
Black Afghan hash	bite and pieces	oz	2,700-3,200
Paki hash		lb	110-140
		oz	900-1,100
Pakistani hash	dried, lots of pieces	oz	140-190
		lb	1,550-2,000
Peyote	hard to find	oz	165
LSD	many varieties	one	1,600-1,900
		oz	175
Cocaine	prices dipping, big supply	one	10
		oz	3-5
		100	150-300
Methaqualone	South American pharmaceuticals	gm	100-200
		oz	350-400
Methamphetamine	biker's best	oz	2,000-2,850
		oz	10-20
		100	300-500
		gm	75-1.0

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	shake city	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	the season	lb	550-650
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50
		lb	200
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flow	oz	50-65
Thai sticks	timberland	oz	500-600
		lb	225-300
Lebanese hash	bug mover	oz	2,000-2,750
		lb	20
Cocaine	are you shutting me?	oz	2,400-2,650
		oz	10
LSD	blots	one	130-200
		oz	100-175
Methaqualone	bootlockers	one	2,000-2,800
		oz	5
		100	350-500
		oz	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz	2,200-2,750
		lb	225-275
Mauna Loa	emerald green	oz	2,000-2,500
		lb	200-250
Maui wowie	overpriced overrated	oz	2,000-2,500
LSD	fresh from the lab	oz	225-275
Mushrooms	hot from the lava beds, dried	one	2,400-3,000
		oz	2-4
Cocaine	not a bug mover	gm	150
		oz	75-125
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	one	2,050-3,000
		oz	2

CAFFEINE

CHARGES

Caffeine is a dangerous, habit-forming stimulant. Coffee causes heart attacks. Use can cause stomach ulcers, indigestion, urinary infections and shakiness. Caffeine is responsible for "coffee nerves" and sleep disorders. There are physical withdrawal symptoms that appear in caffeine withdrawal.

NATURE AND USE

Caffeine was first isolated from coffee in 1821. Coffee, however, seems stronger in psychoactive properties than caffeine alone.¹ Coffee originated in Ethiopia, where the crushed beans were molded into a ball with fat to provide a day's ration for nomads needing quick energy, and spread to Arabia, where it was used in religious ceremonies.² Many cultures use other caffeine-active stimulants. England and the Far East use tea, which has a comparable density of caffeine but not as much stimulant effect. Brazilians use guarana, their national drink made from the seeds of a jungle tree.³ Argentina has maté. East Africans chew kola nuts and everybody drinks Coca-Cola or Pepsi-Cola. Then there is chocolate, which will be discussed in a future column.

Dependence on coffee is very common in Western society. It is so thoroughly approved as a stimulant that most people who use it regularly are surprised to learn that it is indeed a drug.

Coffee is usually prepared by grinding or crushing the toasted beans and leaching the caffeine and flavor elements from them with hot water or steam. The result is a bitter brown liquid that may have milk added to precipitate some of the acids, or sug-

AKA: (i.e., substances containing caffeine), coffee, tea, guarana, maté, cola, chocolate, cocoa, etc.

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

ar to sweeten the taste and provide an additive stimulant.

Coffee is nearly ubiquitous in our culture. Many people drink it after or during every meal. Businesses have regular coffee breaks. It is used socially, especially when alcohol is inappropriate. In Europe many people while away their time, either alone or with others, sipping coffee in cafés.

American coffee, except for that served at truck stops and in New Orleans, has traditionally been weak and insipid. In recent years, stronger strains such as "dark French roast" and such preparations as espresso, café Gregue and Turkish coffee have appeared here. The situation in Florida is intense. There, business people are gulping espresso-type "Cuban" coffee by the mugful.

Caffeine is one of the xanthines, a group of effective and potent stimulants. All caffeine-based preparations, with the possible exception of chocolate, are used primarily for their stimulant qualities. Little is known about coffee pharmacology. Recent tests indicate that coffee occupies opiate receptor sites and may excite the production of endorphins. Caffeine in its pure form acts like an opiate antagonist.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

Caffeine is addictive. Exces-

sive coffee drinking is characterized by all three addiction indicators: compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of consequences.⁴ There is even evidence of a physical withdrawal syndrome.⁴ Excess caffeine intake can exacerbate recovery from drugs and alcohol by increasing anxiety, depression and insomnia. High doses of caffeine (8 to 12 cups of coffee daily) can produce anxiety, nervousness, irritability, tremulousness, muscle twitchings, insomnia, sensory disturbances, hyperventilation (rapid heavy breathing), rapid heartbeat, irregular heartbeat, flushing, increased urination and gastrointestinal disturbances.⁵

There has been some concern about the possible involvement of caffeine in reproduction abnormalities. Both animal and human studies indicate that women should avoid heavy caffeine use during pregnancy. These studies have shown that use of caffeine in amounts equivalent to eight or more cups of coffee a day is responsible for an increased incidence of spontaneous abortions and stillbirths, breech deliveries and cyanosis (blue color) at birth. If the usual safety precautions respecting drugs were adopted with respect to caffeine, bags of coffee would be required to bear a label warning pregnant women to consume no more than a small fraction of a cup each day.⁶

Millions of people in the United States are mildly addicted to coffee. This condition is usually ignored or overlooked until one tries to stop. Withdrawal symptoms can appear after stopping as little as a two-cup-a-day habit. Symptoms can include lethargy, irritability, disorientation, working difficulty and a general to intense headache. These symptoms decrease rapidly and are usually gone within three days. All preparations containing caffeine have an additive effect—while reducing coffee intake, some people max out with soft drinks, tea, chocolate and caffeine-based cold, allergy and weight-reduction pills.

FIRST-AID PLUS

A lot of general physical complaints could result from too much caffeine. Check your caffeine intake, including pills, and try for a lower overall consumption level. Recovering substance abusers should moderate or stop their caffeine intake. Fortunately, the dependence on coffee often ends with the three-day withdrawal.

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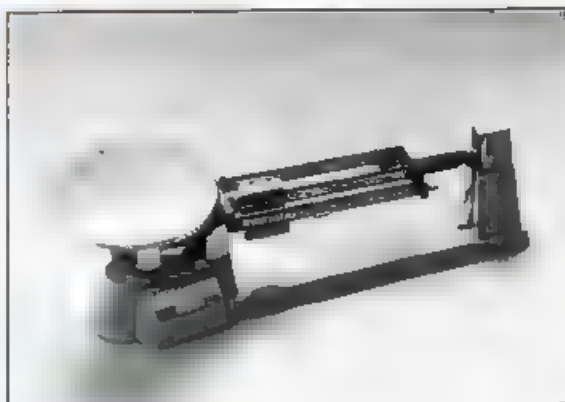


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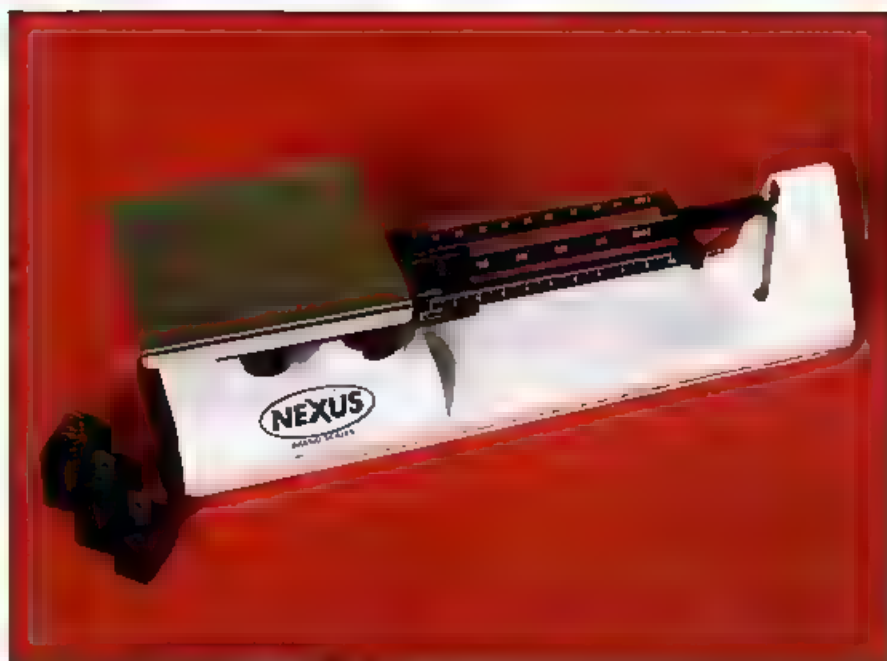
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TOM ALEXANDER

Tom Alexander, publisher of *Sinsemilla Tips*, is a walking encyclopedia of marijuana information: from evading NASA's spy-in-the-sky satellites to combating red spider mites. by Bob LaBrasca and Dean Latimer

Tom Alexander's *Sinsemilla Tips* somehow has no competitors yet. It's been coming out every three months since April 1980, and has picked up a passionate following of domestic cultivators, academic ethnobotanists, small-magazine fanciers and free-the-weed activists everywhere, but so far nobody else has tried to cop Tom Alexander's act.

It's a delightful and delectable act. This homely little periodical, with its typewriter calligraphy, press-type headlines, black-and-white photos and one-color cover, is nostalgically reminiscent in appearance to the old "underground newspapers" of blessed memory. The articles, though, are strictly sober, informative, top-notch highest technology. How to sex for sinsemilla, the joys of carbon dioxide and bat guano, aesthetic hydroponics and—in the latest issue—a secret report on satellite supersnoop gear leaked out of NASA into the personal hands of Tom and Nancy Alexander of Corvallis, Oregon.

Tom and Nancy wound up in Oregon in 1976, on a projected resettlement migration to New Zealand, they had found Cape Cod too industrially overdeveloped for their liking. The Pacific Northwest turned out to be sufficiently natural for them, though, so they decided to settle down there. Trouble was, the timber industry being mainly defunct, there wasn't a whole lot of back-to-the-earth-type employment available for newcomers. So Tom commenced to grow pot.

He enlisted himself as the superintendent of a major patch being brought up, down near the California border by a collection

of fast-lane pot professionals who'd moved in a few pounds of Hawaiian sativa seeds. They put in 1,600 plants in a pretty mountain swale and Tom sexed them down to 900 females, in three patches, in mid season. He pruned and trimmed them camped out with them all through the three-week bloom phase, brought them in and manicured the buds individually. He says he felt pretty much like a gofer, a mere sharecropper. And when those "growers"—as they arrogantly called themselves—went and sold his pot for real Hawaiian prices, and only paid the Alexanders 10 percent of the usual homegrown rate, Tom elected to run his own personal operation next season.

So in late 1978, the Alexanders rented an old homestead cabin, high up in the Coastal Range at the end of a seven-mile dirt logging track that left the main highway 25 miles out of Corvallis. They laid out about a thousand feet of plastic pipe from a spring upslope, to feed a holding tank to irrigate their half-acre patch, which they planted about a quarter-mile from the cabin, where the property bordered some fine commercial timberland: big handsome Douglas firs. They put in about 2,000 plants and sexed them down to 1,200 in mid season.

But sure enough, way back in June, a timber-company crew cruising those beautiful pine trees had spied their bed of seedlings, and sicced the county cops on them. But Tom and Nancy obliviously went on all through the summer and early autumn, busting their backs to bring in a premium crop.

On 27 September 1979, just as the buds were in mid develop-

ment, Tom was finishing up some carpentry on his curing shed when a voice behind him said, "Now, we don't want anybody to get hurt." And then his patch was full of large men in flak jackets and fatigue caps, bearing semiautomatic rifles and pump-action shotguns. "You guys won the monopoly game," said Tom, as they clapped the cuffs on him and Nancy.

The handcuffs hurt like hell all the way back to Corvallis, where Tom and Nancy were dumped in the Benton County slam on the Class A felony of potgrowing. A man was brought in that afternoon on the Class B felony of rape, and released in one hour on \$100 bail. Next day, another man was hauled in for dousing some female relatives with gasoline and swearing he'd set them on fire—a Class A misdemeanor, \$100 bail within the hour. Tom and Nancy couldn't get bail at all until their arraignment because of this Class-A-felonious potgrowing charge. After 30 hours' confinement a circuit-court magistrate released them on their own recognizance, and the charge was ultimately thrown out because of irregularities in the search warrant—but only after the police had smeared Tom and Nancy as organized national mafiosi and schoolchild poisoners—and rated the value of their crop at several million dollars.

The police probably know exactly what his crop was worth, Alexander suspects. Now that the local folks knew the Alexanders as something other than a couple of hippiebilly recluses, a lot of them turned out to be quite respectful and companionable. They showed the Alexanders how, just weeks

after their bust, the street market in Corvallis, Salem and Eugene was greatly enriched with miniature sinse buds of the exact same cultivars as the Alexanders had been tending. Shortly after that, the chief narcotics detective in Benton County—the one who had smeared Tom and Nancy as big-league mafiosi—was convicted for peddling weight amounts of cocaine, which he procured from God knows where, or from whom. The judge gave this narc no jail time at all, remarking that he was just a decent man in a nasty, dehumanizing job.

As might be expected, this passed-off Tom Alexander for fair. At the time, the Alexanders were subsisting largely on the sale of a whole lot of excellent South American bat guano which they'd had left over, and which they advertised for sale on bulletin boards around town. They had a little extra money, so Tom acquired a typewriter, some rubber cement and some paste-up boards, and put out the first edition of *Sinsemilla Tips* by the flicker of the kerosene lamp in his cabin. He told the world exactly how to tell the males from the females, exactly how to set up a drip-irrigation system, exactly when to transplant the seedlings. And he put in an ad for his bat guano, and sent it off to a print shop in April 1980.

Three years later he runs Full Moon Farm Products, the biggest grower-supply store in Oregon. After *Sinsemilla Tips* caught on big with the very first issue, he found himself deluged with mail-order inquiries for grow lights, water tanks, plastic hose, hydroponic units, gravity pumps, electronics gear—endless demand. The psychoborti

culture artists of the Pacific Slope wanted to acquire their gear from a person who knew exactly how to use it; and the excellence of all those miniature buds which had been dumped on the market right after Tom's bust was legendary. So in the fullness of time, the Alexanders were full-fledged property owners, shop proprietors and thoroughly respectable members of the community.

Nowadays, while he duly pays his taxes and stays absolutely squeaky-clean with the law, Tom Alexander has become personally committed to the ever-escalating war on marijuana, lobbying strenuously with West Coast free-the-weed groups. Many of his customers strongly disagree with him, arguing that a properly regulated weed industry will only consolidate the profits in the hands of licensed rip-off artists, like the growers who ripped off Tom's hard work in 1977.

But with "task force" platoons of paramilitary narcs terrorizing entire rural communities for days on end during the harvest season, and federal helicopters defoliating tracts of wilderness with herbicides, and with vicious motorcycle gangs ripping off people like him and Nancy at the point of sawed-off shotguns, Tom Alexander is absolutely adamant: either the pot laws change, or this society will be dragged right down the toilet by these fascists.

Tom Alexander is a good man. He will change the marijuana laws, even if it puts him and his store and his magazine—and probably this magazine, too—out of business. But while the business lasts, it sure is peculiar that no equivalent of *Sinsemilla Tips* has so far sprung up in the Cascades or the Smokies or along the Gulf Coast. Once again, the Rocky Mountain pioneers are leading the way, obviously.

Information regarding *Sinsemilla Tips* and Full Moon Farm Products can be obtained by writing Full Moon Farm Products, P.O. Box 2046, Corvallis, OR 97339, or phoning (503) 753-7837.

Ed

HIGH TIMES: So you were a sinsemilla grower who got caught, paid your debt to soci-

ety and resolved to go forth and do no further evil. But then you got into publishing of all the criminal rackets. How did that come about?

TOM ALEXANDER: In April of 1980 I put out the first *Sinsemilla Tips*. I had no knowledge of journalism, of pasteup, of production or any of that bullshit. I just threw it together in the homestead where we got busted, where we had no electricity. I put it together under the light of a kerosene lamp, and it looks it. After I finished the first issue, I went down to Humboldt County and got it in a few stores and places. And it caught on. That first issue had a thousand copies printed and now we're up to five thousand. It's mainly newsstand sales.

HIGH TIMES: Where does it go to?

ALEXANDER: Oh, all over the country, Europe and Canada too. My main distributor is Last Gasp in Homestead. But I also have minor distributors that take a hundred to three hundred copies and distribute them in their local area to other businesses and stores. It's mainly natural food stores out West, plus newsstands, bookstores, headshops. A lot of grow shops sell them up here too.

HIGH TIMES: And you've been putting out the magazine for the past three years in addition to running your retail store, Full Moon Farm Products. How did that get started?

ALEXANDER: We bought a little too much fertilizer back in 1979 so we started mail-ordering it through local bulletin-board ads. People started writing in saying they wanted it, mainly from Oregon and Washington and California. So we were selling surplus fertilizer. We continued to mail-order even after we got busted. We started selling lights in about 1980.

HIGH TIMES: There was enough profit in it for you to expand your business?

ALEXANDER: Oh, yeah. I mean, every month we were just getting bigger and bigger orders. People and word-of-mouth spread it around. In late 1981 we started adding water pumps and stuff like that and our business grew

even more, to the point where people were saying, "Why don't you open a retail store?" So in April of 1982 we opened Full Moon Farm Products, and right now we've moved into a fifteen-hundred-square-foot store, and we're the biggest grower store in Oregon. We get people from Humboldt because they are paranoid to shop down there, and we get people from all over Washington.

HIGH TIMES: Aren't you concerned about security?

ALEXANDER: The bottom line is that the police on the local and state level do not have the money to sit and watch the store. The DEA may, but I would doubt that they would waste their time because our store is in a three-shop complex like a mini-mall. And in addition, we have a rear-alley loading dock which is really secure. And secondly, all of our customers aren't potgrowers, we sell everything from kitchen canning supplies to food dryers.

HIGH TIMES: And most of the stuff that you sell probably has multiple uses, right?

ALEXANDER: Right. We're more of a homesteading self-sufficiency store now. So they can't just charge that all of our customers are growers. We get a high percentage of walk-in traffic—old ladies who are browsing, that kind of thing. So it's really hard for them to come down on my store specifically.

HIGH TIMES: And you don't sell headgear like chamber pipes, roach clips—

ALEXANDER: Right. That's what it comes down to. You know, they tried to pass a paraphernalia bill in Oregon which just got defeated last week.

It's the DEA model bill. But they could pass that, and the only thing we would have to do in our store is take the books out. There is no way that they could do anything to us because we don't sell pipes or papers or anything like that. Our halides are used to grow tomatoes, cucumbers and flowers. By diversifying, there's just no way they can hassle us. It would just get them a lawsuit, because I'd sue their ass.

HIGH TIMES: You're located in Corvallis, Oregon. What's it like up there?

ALEXANDER: It's a college town. It's got forty thousand people and another fifteen thousand students.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have many agriculture students for customers?

ALEXANDER: Oh, yeah, definitely. I supply a lot of straight purposes. I sell metal halides directly to OSU [Oregon State University].

HIGH TIMES: Do you get the feeling that there is a generation of college-educated agricultural students who are going to be going into potgrowing?

ALEXANDER: Oh, yeah. Also, there are fifty- to sixty-year-old farmers here who are hurting because they can't make their land payments from agriculture. And they are turning the barn on the North Forty into a marijuana operation.

HIGH TIMES: Generally speaking, what's the heat situation been like in Oregon lately?

ALEXANDER: The outdoor scene is hot. They're using spy satellites, they're using infrared, they're using massive area surveillance. So the risk factor in outdoor growing is rising considerably. They began busting in Southern Oregon last June, and they just did the first land confiscation using the state racketeering statute. That statute states that on conviction, if the cops can prove that the land, business or whatever assets the grower owns were either financed or purchased by marijuana profits, the cops can confiscate the assets.

HIGH TIMES: I've researched those spy satellites and I don't think they've got the technology to look for standing marijuana with satellites.

ALEXANDER: The situation is, we really don't know what they've got. It's all national security.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah. The military is incredibly reluctant to get involved in dope enforcement, the reason being that if the only way they could prove that they ever had probable cause to suspect that there was marijuana growing in

somebody's field was because they saw it through a military satellite, they would have to disclose that publicly. Then the Russians would learn the Pentagon's spy-in-the-sky technology.

ALEXANDER: What I've heard is that they are passing information on to the local authorities, and then the local authorities go up in a plane and they invent probable cause by saying they spotted it from the plane. They say nothing about the satellite.

You see, Oregon State University gets information from the Land-sat 4 satellite, which does all the infrared scans. They were getting that information way before the marijuana thing came out. They can pinpoint an area within a tenth of an acre.

In my latest issue of *Sin-semilla Tips*, there's a leaked NASA report on using infrared satellite technology. NASA edited out all the national-security parts, so it's really piecemeal, and it really doesn't tell you a whole helluva lot, but it does tell you that they did use it down in California last year and it did work in some cases.

They look for what they call a "signature"—the plant gives off heat patterns. There's two patterns that it gives off, and they look for a definitive signature of these patterns. I guess it's a fifty-fifty success rate, so we really don't know how successful they've been.

HIGH TIMES: How about the rip-offs? Any trouble with them?

ALEXANDER: The thieves hit even more people than the authorities. Some people have begun booby-trapping their patches—primarily the commercial growers. They don't grow on their own land, and are not around that much, so they want to scare people off or actually kill them. I had people in my store last fall that were crying because some thieves with automatic weapons kicked their door in and threatened to kill them if they didn't give over their pot.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have any idea of who the thieves are?

ALEXANDER: Pretty much. They're organized, because

"Sixty-year-old farmers are turning the barn on the North Forty into a marijuana operation."



they only hit people that grow on their own land. They'd spot the marijuana on the people's land, keep an eye on it, and when they didn't see it anymore they'd assume that it was being processed in the people's house, and they were correct. They went right down one road and hit three different families. And these are families, they aren't just transients, like the police like to characterize growers.

HIGH TIMES: Oregon's the first state I know about where a bill to realistically regulate and tax marijuana has been submitted to the legislature. Dick Evans's model bill. Weren't you and your group, Citizens for Legal Action in on that?

ALEXANDER: That's right. The reaction we got from our bill convinced us that it's not going to happen in the legislature until we get new people in there who are not afraid of the fanatical parents group.

Or maybe if bloodshed starts happening pretty soon the legislators may change their ways. But, pretty much they told us point blank, last time that we don't have the money. We don't have the votes and so they don't really see us as a viable political force. Even though we got the proposal introduced, it was not given a fair shake. It got sent to the judiciary committee of the Senate, and the chairperson of that committee is a spineless liberal who is fearful of these political antimarijuana people. He kisses their ass. So, ultimately it got killed. But they also killed a couple of the bills that the antimarijuana people were supporting.

HIGH TIMES: Regarding the Evans bill, isn't there some trouble because of it being done on a state-by-state basis? For example: If the Oregon legislature were to set up a taxation and regulation system—the minute somebody

took some marijuana from Oregon into another state, the feds would come in.

ALEXANDER: The DEA and the Department of the Treasury told the governor here that if that bill passed they would arrest him and all the political officials of Oregon.

HIGH TIMES: They can't arrest legislators for passing laws.

ALEXANDER: Because it was going against federal law, and they would be held accountable if the bill ever passed.

HIGH TIMES: That's amazing. Nevertheless, it sounds as if the parents groups out there are very vocal but not all that powerful. Their bill didn't make it through, and they weren't able to push through the DEA's paraphernalia bill.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, but they're gaining power. They've only been on the scene here in Oregon for about a year.

The Atlanta-based group, Dekalb Families in Action, and Robert DuPont and all of those other assholes targeted Oregon because we are progressive in our ideas and legislation, and they sent people out here to rally the troops.

HIGH TIMES: Funny thing is, they really don't have any parents in that organization to begin with. They're just political hacks, and maybe some of them happen to have kids.

ALEXANDER: That's the fact of the matter. Most of the head honchos are single people.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, they're single people, and even the ones that have kids, they're not worried about kids. They're right-wing, single issue political organizers, and they're professionals.

ALEXANDER: They had a state conference here about a year ago, with people in from Atlanta. I don't know who they were. From that original conference they formed a Portland antimarijuana group, Oregonians Free from Drug Abuse, which is state-coordinated. In the past year they've gone to PTA's, Lion's Clubs, civic groups, and drawn a lot of support from those civic groups. And now they have some thirty-five to forty groups in Oregon.

HIGH TIMES: But in Oregon

you also have the unique phenomenon of a couple of groups arising on the other side, calling for realistic marijuana information and legislation. These are essentially groups of parents who really do have children. Can you tell me something about those groups? One is called MAMA, Mothers against Marijuana Abuse.

ALEXANDER: MAMA is a family-oriented organization to prevent drug abuse. Most of its members do have families, and are concerned that drug prevention is not occurring, that truthful information about drugs is not being put out. Instead, rhetoric, lies and scare tactics are being used by these fanatical parents groups who are supposedly concerned about drug use among kids.

MAMA's objective is to put out unbiased, truthful factual information so people can be educated about marijuana and all drugs. They do not promote or advocate the use of any drugs. They're now trying to get some of the state money that goes directly to the Oregon antimarijuana groups. For example, last year ten thousand dollars went directly to the political front group Oregonians Free from Drug Abuse, without any consideration of any other drug prevention group, the reason being they're part of the National Federation based in Atlanta. Parents for Drug Free Youth. And they channel the money to the state mental health department, who in turn channels it to these political people.

Even the straight people are saying that MAMA makes more sense than these fanatics. But the problem is that the media, especially television, will only produce a program with a one-sided view. And these Oregonians Free from Drug Abuse people refuse to meet with us on media events. That pretty much stifles our getting the message out. We are realizing now that we have to get a financial base so that we can buy air time. Citizens for Legal Action is going to be doing a direct-mailing operation. We're going to start using computers to try to raise the necessary funds, so that

"Within a couple years the Mafia is going to have a sizable chunk of the domestic market."



we can get air time to get our message across.

HIGH TIMES: What did you mean before, when you said if bloodshed starts happening legislators may change their attitudes?

ALEXANDER: Once people start seeing what's happening to our society because of these archaic marijuana laws, their viewpoint is going to change rapidly. It's like the Vietnam War. For a long time massive numbers of people just sat by while the war was going on. But then, when their neighbors, relatives and friends started coming home killed and maimed, they started saying, "Hey, this is a boondoggle that has to stop." The same thing's happening with the marijuana laws, and it is a war. The government pronounced it a war, and it's turned into a war. When innocent hitchhikers start getting blown up by booby traps,

when growers start getting killed by thieves, and thieves start getting killed by growers, and when the police start getting trigger-happy with the growers and growers start getting trigger-happy with the cops, when all hell breaks loose up in the hills, people are going to start thinking.

HIGH TIMES: And as long as the laws remain the same, you foresee a constant process of mutual and irreversible escalation?

ALEXANDER: Definitely. While in Oregon it's mainly high school kids responsible for the rip-offs, in California it's organized crime. I don't know if you could say it's the traditional Mafia—maybe it's motorcycle gangs—stuff like that. But whoever it is, they fly out of San Francisco on the overflights just like the cops. And they probably use better equipment than the cops. They map out where profita-

ble targets are and they go for them. Highly armed thieves hit areas in Humboldt County and Southern Oregon just in and out really quick, and in some cases death to the grower.

HIGH TIMES: And there has been a significant amount of violence on that level?

ALEXANDER: In Humboldt County there has, yes. I think last year five growers lost their lives. And they can't even estimate the number of thieves who've been shot.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that organized crime is interested in suppressing or taking over the domestic marijuana market?

ALEXANDER: I have my theory, and most people that I explain it to say it makes sense. As you well know, the satellites are tracking everything leaving the Caribbean and South America. So the government has put a substantial dent in the importation business, which many people feel is controlled by both the Colombian Mafia and the American Mafia. So the American Mafia now finds itself with all these empty pot warehouses that are just sitting there.

I predict within a couple of years, just like the Mafia overtook the alcohol business, they are going to have a sizable chunk of the domestic market. You can look at practically anything. Laundromats, construction, those little trucks that go around and sell snacks and coffee to the construction industry. There are numerous legal industries that are controlled by organized crime. A sizable enough market was established and they took it over.

HIGH TIMES: There seems to be quite a profusion of free-the-weed groups out on the Coast. A couple new ones every time a referendum rolls around?

ALEXANDER: Yes, there's CLER, Citizens for Legal Equality and Rights. That's based at Portland State, mostly students. There's the Oregon Marijuana Initiative people. There's Balance from Douglas County and Roseburg. I was representing *Sinemilla Tips*, but I'm also

representing Citizens for Legal Action. So all in all there's about seven or eight different groups.

HIGH TIMES: Is there going to be a focus now on the referendum as a course of action?

ALEXANDER: Yes. We have a whole year to get signatures. The strategy is to have petitioning blitzes, at the State Fair or at the different county fairs, and in concerts—have specific dates when people show up and get signatures.

HIGH TIMES: And you are optimistic, I assume, about getting the marijuana issue onto the ballot?

ALEXANDER: Yes. They've got ten thousand signatures already and they have only been doing it a month. And the big blitzes have just started.

We have a deadline of July 6 of 1984 to get it on the November 1984 election ballot. We feel people will be coming out and voting against Reagan. So it has the potential to pass. The only problem is that the legislature can change it around to the way they see fit. Like they could put a limit on the number of plants, or they could raise the age from eighteen to twenty-one.

HIGH TIMES: Let's talk about some cultivation problems for a bit. I'm sure the readers would appreciate your comments in this area. First off, what do you do about garden pests? Spider mites can really be a bitch.

ALEXANDER: Yeah. They are the chief curse. Red spider mites. Next would be mold and after that would be white flies and thrips.

HIGH TIMES: I beg your pardon?

ALEXANDER: Thrips. They're a little bigger than the mites. They're worm-type things with legs, and they just eat little holes in the leaves. The damage looks sort of like mite damage but it's a little different.

HIGH TIMES: So how do you handle the beggars?

ALEXANDER: We pretty much advise against using chemicals, because the subsequent generations of bugs will be immune or resistant to them. The best biologic control is a thing called Safer's Insecti-

cidal Soap, which takes care of them pretty well, not only mites but thrips and mealy bugs and white flies. It controls a whole bunch of insects.

HIGH TIMES: How do you apply it?

ALEXANDER: It's a liquid concentrate you mix with water, and you spray it every two or three days. Because you're using a spray bottle you probably won't get a hundred percent coverage. But if you do it for about two weeks religiously it controls them. It doesn't wipe them out, but it will control them.

HIGH TIMES: What can you do, though, if you wake up one morning and find you've been infested by these bugs? Is there any way to deal with them after they've set up shop in your patch?

ALEXANDER: People are using predator mites, which are mites that eat the red spider mites but don't eat the plant.

HIGH TIMES: What do they live on?

ALEXANDER: They live on the red spider mites. So once they've devoured them, they pretty much starve to death.

HIGH TIMES: Hooray!

ALEXANDER: Some people keep a crop of predator mites alive in a separate closed container. Then, if something does happen, they put them in the main crop.

HIGH TIMES: Sounds awfully complicated, trying to sort the red mites from the white mites—

ALEXANDER: Right. It really is the curse. I've known people that have had them for years. In fact, a guy came into the store the other day, and for three or four years he *hadn't* had them, and some friends came over that had them bad, and they brought them over to his place just by them being on their clothes.

I've known people that have taken everything out after a harvest and bombed the room with these fungicidal smoke-bomb things that supposedly kill everything, but they always get them back. Once you get them, you've got them. I've known people that moved to a different house just to get away from them.

HIGH TIMES: They appar-

ently just get tougher and meaner every time you try to get rid of them. Do you get the same problems outdoors?

ALEXANDER: No, outdoors there are enough predator insects to keep spider mites under control. In fact, when people that have them in doors plant outdoors, they disappear.

HIGH TIMES: Are there any particular parasites outdoors that don't appear indoors?

ALEXANDER: Not really. Mold is the biggest problem outdoors, out here anyway, because in the fall we have such rainy and moist weather. In fact, this year we've had a moist summer, people started getting mold in July. The buds weren't formed yet, and they were getting mold on the stems and the leaves.

HIGH TIMES: Is there any thing you can do about that?

ALEXANDER: Once they've got it, it's gone. But there is a certain preventative thing you can do to minimize the damage. Pick off as much mold as you can, down to the bare stem. Then apply this stuff called Tree Seal on the bare branch—it's like the black tar that pruners of fruit trees use when they make cuts on limbs—it seals the wound. But anything that's on the bud or leaves or some thing is pretty much gone.

HIGH TIMES: You know, I've heard rumors that bears eat marijuana. I mean, every now and then, somebody will come and find a whole patch that a bear has obviously rolled through.

ALEXANDER: I've heard of bear problems, but they mostly were trampling and ripping up the plants, not eating them. Deer, though, love marijuana.

HIGH TIMES: They just nibble at those leaves, eh?

ALEXANDER: The leaves and they love buds too, because they're so sweet. People have serious deer problems out here in the West.

HIGH TIMES: That's funny. You'd think the resin would taste awful to the deer.

ALEXANDER: Well, I don't know. I guess it smells sweet and they try it. I'd like to see them after they eat a whole cola

HIGH TIMES: In Siberia the deer eat *Amanita muscaria* mushrooms and they get stoned out of their gounds.

ALEXANDER: Out here the usual preventive measure for deer is fencing, but that's visible from the air. In Humboldt County they have a new thing. They mix together an egg with some water in a blender and spray that on the plant. If it doesn't rain it lasts for a while and the egg smell drives them away. Deer don't like the smell of eggs.

HIGH TIMES: Can you speak awhile on the development of new cultivation techniques? Judging from the types of gizmos that you sell in your store and the kind of articles that appear in your magazine, you must be up on all the latest high tech growing methods.

ALEXANDER: Oh yeah. I started *Sinsemilla Tips* just as indoor growing was beginning to catch on back in '80. I saw all these automatic micro-processors that turn your water on and off. I saw all these twelve-volt water pumps that were developed for factories to pump chemicals up to the top floors of factories, all stuff created for straight businesses and adapted by marijuana growers. But a whole lot of new technology—hydroponics and heating and cooling systems and fertilizer programs—they've all been developed specifically for marijuana cultivation.

HIGH TIMES: Do you get the feeling that the people you're dealing with are astute farmers and they're working with real agricultural problems?

ALEXANDER: Yes, especially when you move indoors. They're projecting that within ten years, probably the majority of the food production in the United States is going to be done hydroponically. The main reason is that they're using so much chemical fertilizers, pesticides, things of that sort. Our soil is being rendered useless. Take Arizona, for instance. They're starting to use hydroponics on large acreages, but they still use the same chemicals, only now it's in a nutrient solution

They're just using the ground as their base of operations **HIGH TIMES**: So this is outdoor hydroponics, pioneered indoors by marijuana growers. **ALEXANDER**: Right. And remember, in hydroponics you get five to ten times the amount of production, so, on an acre of land where they used to only grow, say, two thousand bushels of tomatoes, they're now getting ten thousand or more bushels.

We have a guy here that grows tomatoes hydroponically and Safeway sells them, and it's the only local produce that Safeway will sell, because it's such high quality and he grows them *throughout* the winter. We were growing cucumbers in our window here and people were amazed we had cucumbers all winter!

More and more people are buying our equipment for straight gardening purposes. And there are more and more companies doing new things, not only with hydroponics, but with all kinds of other supplements to the growing scene, both indoor and outdoor. In outdoor for instance, they've developed hydraulic ram pumps, down in Humboldt County that utilize water pressure to pump water up a hill. There's three or four companies that are making them. They're totally silent and they use no energy except the falling water pressure. **HIGH TIMES**: Lately I've been reading about some wonderful things being done with CO₂.

ALEXANDER: Oh, yeah. People are buying or renting welding tanks and hooking up CO₂ regulators and solenoids and timers. The CO₂ speeds up the process of growth and maturity. It's a valuable indoor additive to marijuana cultivation.

HIGH TIMES: Is it true that you can actually grow pot in the shade, using the overhead vegetation as camouflage?

ALEXANDER: Pot will grow anywhere. It's just that the optimum conditions give you the optimum production, so if you plant in a shady spot, you'll get miniature produce, miniature buds. You won't get those full colas that every

body wants. Sure, you can plant in the shade, and people are buying surplus army camouflaging netting and putting that over their plants.

But there's all kinds of ways you can beat the system. Most people out here have quit planting in symmetrical rows, they follow the tree lines. If you find a meadow or a broad, open place and you're tempted to put in a lot of plants, don't. That's one mistake a lot of people make. It shows up like a green thumb. But when you follow the natural contour along the edge of the meadow where the trees are, and just plant along there, it's really hard for aerial surveillance to pick that up. As long as you interspace them, that's cause even five plants in a row will show up real good.

HIGH TIMES: I guess that's part of the reason indoor growing operations have become so popular recently. What with the aerial surveillance, spy-the-sky satellites and who knows what else, it's probably a whole lot safer to grow that way. Right?

ALEXANDER: The indoor scene is rapidly exploding. Out here more is grown in doors now than outdoors. I mean, you look at the combined sales of lights and it's been a thousand and twelve hundred lights a month.

But what's going to happen is that the police are going to somehow devise a way to monitor indoor situations. I don't know what it's going to be, but they'll devise some unconstitutional way to do it. **HIGH TIMES**: I hear they've been getting the cooperation of the power companies in some areas at least. If your electricity bill skyrockets because you're using all those grow lights—

ALEXANDER: Yes, but they can't rely on that because a search warrant would never hold up in court on the probable cause that somebody's electric bill went up. That is some of the skimpiest probable cause that there has ever been. Someone could be using ten refrigerators to store a cache of food for the upcoming chaos that the survivalists are always talking about. And

so if a case like that ever got to court, I am confident it would get thrown out. It's a fascist judge who would accept something like that.

Up here the cops are using the tactic of posing as growers themselves. They meet green-horn growers and say, "Look, you don't have an outlet for your crop. I'll buy everything. But first I've got to see the quality." So these unsuspecting growers will invite them in to look at the crop and then bungo—they're arrested.

In Salem, the state capital, six growers let this guy in who was a narc posing as a grower and moved him into "plain view" of large quantities of weed. They didn't even sell him anything. They just let him in to see the quality of the crop and they were all busted. **HIGH TIMES**: How about large-scale indoor growing operations, are there any in your area?

ALEXANDER: I've reported and seen some large-scale operations in warehouses. People are also buying second houses. But this is the type of approach that gets people busted. If you grow in a warehouse and you don't have a front—say, a machine shop or something—you are giving the authorities the excuse to suspect you of growing. Whereas if you set up an operation where you have, say, ten friends, and you get each of those ten friends to devote one room of their house to growing, and then you split the profits, that's much safer.

People are setting up some thing like franchise operations. Friends that can't afford all the equipment for indoor operations will be financed by another friend, and they split the profits, and it's a lot less risky that way. It's essentially the same thing as outdoors. If you have ten patches, it's a lot less risky that you're going to get them all ripped off or busted. So people are moving to smaller indoor scenes, rather than huge warehouses.

But of course, in big cities like San Francisco, Portland or New York, warehouses are flourishing.

HIGH TIMES: I find it interesting that down in Northern California counties, despite

the density of growers and their integration into the community, they haven't been able to set up a significant self-defense organization, or a war chest for people who get busted, bust-insurance of some kind. Have there been efforts in that direction in Oregon?

ALEXANDER: There have been efforts, but basically we get the growers when it's too late. They come to us after they've been busted. And we tell them, "Look, we could have a really good organization now if you had given to us before you got busted."

We're getting all the combat casualties, with no money to fight the war. The growers are in it for the financial security, and so they're really shortsighted. They get away with it for a couple seasons, and they feel that it's pretty low-risk and so they don't have to kick in. People pay for their land, they pay for the necessities, and they're not kicking in to the political fight. Now, in Humboldt it's a different story. There are insurance funds for people that get ripped off.

HIGH TIMES: That has been happening?

ALEXANDER: Yes, on a neighborhood level. The police have forced the growers to become organized crime.

You take a valley road that's five miles long into the boonies. Everybody along that road has become coordinated through a CB net work, a communications link. They're mapping out where things are grown. You take any mountainside down in Humboldt, and there's a good chance that if you go looking for places to grow, they'll say "There's no more room here; this place is all plotted out."

They actually have organized growing regulations, a quota on how much can be grown in certain areas. And people in that area have formed mainly rip-off funds. They'll all kick in a thousand bucks, or five hundred, it varies. So, if a family who is relying on the crop gets ripped off, the fund is there to help them out. I've only heard of a couple of legal-defense funds. I've heard more about the rip-

off funds because more people get ripped off than busted **HIGH TIMES:** What you're saying essentially is that the illegality of pot and the war on drugs is creating a level of organization among farmer entrepreneurs that amounts to what the police will eventually call organized crime **ALEXANDER:** Right. They will feed the public the lie that organized crime has infiltrated the industry. Growers are becoming organized, but not on the level of the Mafia. These are primarily family people, independent people with no ties to the Mafia or conventional organized crime.

HIGH TIMES: Do you see any prospects for more self-defense-type organizations among growers?

ALEXANDER: Self-defense in the legal, or violent sense?

HIGH TIMES: Well, assume for instance, on that five-mile valley road, if the cops were coming down from one end, and there is communication between the growers, they might be able to save some of the plants.

ALEXANDER: Actually, this serves as a good illustration of how they're running the busts this year. Up until last year the busts were conducted on a local level by the sheriff and the local police agency. Last year, in Humboldt County and in northern Mendocino County, the raids were conducted by the Department of the Treasury, the Coast Guard Customs, some of the California State Bureau of Narcotics, and they did it in a paramilitary manner. They set up roadblocks going into the town. They cut off phone lines, and they dropped in paramilitary personnel that secured the area even before they started cutting the stuff down. And the congressman for Northern California, Don Clausen, held a press conference after these three weeks of paramilitary raids and said "This is how we're going to conduct business next year, and the growers better change their lifestyle."

So the local authority is demoted to just directing traffic around these huge busts. Why? Because the Humboldt

"We have been trying to avoid the bloodshed... but our cries are falling upon deaf ears."



County Sheriff's Department became conscious of the fact that one, the business community was suffering from their increased busts, and two, everybody was growing it. They were busting their friends. So leaks were starting to become regular when a bust was going to occur, and the cops were finding no marijuana. So the federal and state governments said, "Well, we're going to take it out of the hands of the locals and give it to the state."

That's what's happening. The state police are doing all the busts this year, and the state police are the ones who get the DEA money now, and they allocate it to the area that they feel most deserves the aerial surveillance. The federal government realized that if they kept enforcement on the local level, the police would look the other way because they're dealing with

friends.

HIGH TIMES: The DEA also pays bigger snitch money. If you want to make some money and you know somebody is growing grass, the best people to report them to is the DEA, because they pay the most in snitch money. **ALEXANDER:** Yeah. And they've given Oregon ninety thousand for air surveillance. That's plane time, gas money—

HIGH TIMES: Actually, that's not a hell of a lot of money for that sort of activity.

ALEXANDER: It's not. But we got sixty thousand last year, so it's a third increase.

HIGH TIMES: In *Sinsemilla* Tips, as well as earlier in this interview, you seem to be delineating a political perspective that places great emphasis on the general elections and electing politicians that you can work with.

ALEXANDER: If we want to

play the game, the political game, we're going to have to play it the way the major leaguers do. We're talking Reagan—we're talking Democrats, we're talking Republicans and we're talking big bucks and the use of high technology. Until we use technology to the utmost, we're going to be just stuck in the mud.

HIGH TIMES: By "technology" you mean demographics, direct mail and so on?

ALEXANDER: Right. That hasn't been done. Sure, we've feebly tried to get out mailings manually, but now most of us in Oregon that are active in politics have bought computers, so we're going to start using direct mail the way it should be used. And if we can raise money in this way, that's going to drastically change where things are going.

Now the other side of the coin is the effect of the prohibition-related violence on the people. The media are going to start really picking up on it because bloodshed always draws the media. The public is going to get so outraged that we may not even have to use our computers—they may demand that the politicians do something. Massive amounts of people are going to demand that the laws be changed because there's just going to be too many folks getting hurt. That's going to start happening this year.

HIGH TIMES: You're just predicting this. Not advocating it, I assume.

ALEXANDER: Oh, I totally predict it. This is what's so frustrating. We have been working hard, trying to avoid bloodshed. We are like the diplomats in the middle of a war trying to negotiate a settlement. The authorities reject us. Some growers reject us, mainly the big-time growers that have a lot of money at stake. And the politicians reject us, too. So we're just throwing up our arms and saying "Well let the bloodshed happen," because the faster it happens, the faster things are going to change. But we do not advocate it or promote it. We're trying to stop it, but our cries are falling upon deaf ears.



INDICA-TIONS: THE BUD SPEAKS BACK TO "R"

Responding to "R" 's recent call for a freeze on the growing and smoking of *Cannabis indica*, our Executive Almighty Editor notes that, given enough tetrahydrocannabinol, even a Connoisseur may lose his judgment. by Dean Latimer

I have not got much to say about "R" 's proposed indica boycott beyond remarking on how curious it is that "R"—barely three years after his vicious, unwarranted and personal attack against my own humble self, who had only modestly proposed that high THC sinsemilla, generally, might impoverish the smoker of the infinitely richer blend of variegated cannabinoids furnished by common, seeded "ditchweed"—it is, I repeat clumsily, curious to see "R" now creating dramatic alarms and excursions over seedless *Cannabis indica*, the single most concentrated source of organic THC that has "psychoagriculturalists" have so far succeeded in confecting.

A curious spectacle indeed, then. In fact, I'd initially interpreted it as a good sign, the idea of "R," surfeited with tetrahydrocannabinol in virtual laboratory purity, suddenly sitting up, looking around in dismay and querulously demanding, "Where have all my other cannabinoids gone?" My own favorite mentor in the realm of psychedelphia, Dr. Andrew Weil, has always maintained that natural herbal intoxicants like marijuana should always be taken—if they're taken at all—in the total context of their natural organic complexity. While it's true that the 68 other cannabinoids all conspire to reduce the effects of delta-9 THC, they all do so in different, subtle, complex and wonderful ways. To sacrifice all these other cannabinoids by what amounts to genetic engineering—crossbreeding, cloning, sexing, manicuring—will most certainly amplify and punctuate the pure-THC "high," no doubt about that. But what ineffable qualities of psychotropic texture do these supertech growers repudiate and abandon, when they endeavor to create the closest thing to pure, uncut tetrahydrocannabinol that the vegetable kingdom can possibly purvey?

I said I did not have much to say, and

I could probably cease speaking here, in fundamental agreement with "R." But that would imply approval of his proposed indica moratorium, and I would not like people to believe I was a willing party to that.

Why, he actually says *Cannabis indica* is not marijuana! And then he goes further and calls it a "bad drug." These statements should not go unchallenged.

For one thing, if it were true that *Cannabis indica* isn't marijuana, then the very growers against whom "R" so passionately rails here ought never to risk going to jail for growing it. Would "R" like that to be true, and perforce have his abominated indica growing untrammelled out of every backyard and window box in the land? Happily for the Dope Connoisseur, the courts for years have ordained that indica is just so much "marijuana"—the same number of genes as sativa, much the same biological design, the same ingredients, the same psychotropic effects and the same penalties as sativa. It grows a little faster, takes up rather less space and yields (when properly engineered) a more concentrated THC value per lid of aggregate vegetable matter than *Cannabis sativa*. So it's marijuana all right and Americans are going to jail for it just as they go to jail for sativa, and the obscenity and injustice of that is equal no matter what botanical nomenclature is employed.

But it's the designation "bad drug" that really sticks in my personal craw. "R," who can deliver lines like "drive the marijuana changers from the temple of ganja," and can remark that indica "smelled like the sex of goddesses" before he got bored with it, really dips his prose in shit when he calls indica a bad drug. In fact, he categorizes it with Thorazine, which he appears to regard as a bad drug, although Thorazine has been the indispensable difference be-

tween misery and wholeness for untold thousands of people the last 30 years, and with heroin as a bad drug, although junkies are people just like you and me. Personally, I just don't like those two words—"bad drug"—being jammed together in that order in this magazine, referring to any drug at all, even PCP. I hope "R" was only being hasty.

And I am a little reassured when I see him likening his antiindica project to the nascent antinuclear movement of the mid-'70s. That strikes me as just artistically preposterous, likening *Cannabis indica* to Strontium 90. It's the same transparent epistemological ploy that degreed antipot propagandists like Sidney Cohen and Gabriel Nahas have exploited so successfully for the last few generations: pot is as mysterious and poisonous as nuclear radiation! As a notorious and tolerably successful propagandist myself, I do detect the ripe odor of bullshit here, and I assume that "R" meant it to be smelled. It's a parody of a traditional reefer-madness "medical" tract à la Cohen and Nahas, surely: indica "may actually suppress sexual desire" for the love of Kali? (And shrink testicles, and grow breasts on men and blight babies in the womb?) Then how, pray, has concentrated indica resin—Afghani hashish—so dependably served, these last few ages of the Earth, as an antidote to geriatric impotence, all through Southwest Asia?

Beyond all this, I have not got much to say, except that I dearly hope and confidently trust that "R" 's project to "detoxify" the nation entirely of indica will never succeed. I know plenty of people who say they really do like indica, and they have no obvious reason to be lying to me about it. I believe those people ought to be able to get it if they want it—although personally, still as always, I go for plain old snooze-out ditchweed, and 86.8-proof scotch. □

NIGHT ON THE TOWN

Or,
What's a certified sociopath like you
doing in a place like this?

It was past midnight. The drinks had come, I never knew quite from where, and some cigarettes too. And the juke just blazed away. Hours of stale cigarette smoke had turned the air blue gray, and the flies and roaches were dulled and sickened and drunk, and the patrons too. It was a place no sensible being would ever want to be in, but not being a sensible being, there I was.

The urinal was impossible, walking in there you were hit by a deadly waft of a century of piss and puke. And nobody ever used the toilet, it was dark and caked and dry and there wasn't any water in the tank. And the lid had long been gone, the tank lid, the toilet lid, and the whiskey and beer spiders had taken over, threading their webs in there, waiting for something.

I refocused on myself and found myself sitting next to this guy I had never seen before. He was in his mid 30s, wore this leather jacket. Maybe he had been buying me drinks. I didn't know. Nobody else sat near us.

He had a pack of cigarettes near his drink. Pall Malls. I reached for his pack, got it, pulled a smoke out and lit up.

"Did I tell you you could have a cigarette?" he asked me.

"No."

"Don't go touching my cigarettes again!"

He pulled the Pall Malls back in front of him.

Everything was so weary. There was always somebody flexing up against you. They couldn't bear up with the slightest joke, the tiniest confrontation. Everything was a challenge to them. They awakened angry every morning and they stayed that way. They didn't want to lose and they didn't know how to win. Constipated lives full of shut.

I reached over, pulled the Pall Malls back, took a cigarette out, broke it in half, threw it back into the ashtray.

He just sat there.

He sat there a long time.

He looked straight forward



Then he spoke.

"Listen, I just got out of jail for aggravated assault! I don't want to go back there again!"

"Don't fuck with me then," I told him.

We both sat there. It was a hot stupid night. We breathed in the gray blue smoke as the rich were out on their sailing ships or drugged to sleep. The trouble with life was that there were only tiny periods of action between all the vast spaces and the people just waited as Death sat on his red hot laughing ass.

"Just don't fuck with me!" he repeated.

"Get yourself a hobbyhorse with a wooden asshole and you'll feel better," I said.

I could feel the anger ripping through him. I wasn't lucky enough to have an-

ger. With anger you could react, wrong or right. I just had a pale and tired disgust. He was drinking whiskey. I was at the bottom of a stale bottle of beer.

"Buy me a drink," I said, "a whiskey."

He motioned Tommy down.

"Two whiskeys."

They arrived and I drained mine down. He drained his.

"Two more whiskeys," he said to Tommy.

"It's all right," I told the guy, "I don't want to overbump."

"Drink up," he said. "I'm getting ready to kick your ass."

The whiskeys were before us.

"You mean if I drink this, you're going to kick my ass?"

"Right."

"You know I can't turn down a drink?"

"I know"

"It's not fair," I said, then reached down and got the whiskey, drained it. He drained his.

"Let's go," he said

"Wait," I said

"What is it?"

"One more," I said, "to dull the pain"

"Two whiskeys," he said to Tommy.

The whiskeys arrived. They sat there golden and powerful among the dead flies and the half-dead patrons. My father had always warned me that I would come to this. He had wanted me to be an engineer Jesus Christ, that would have been worse than this.

I drained my whiskey. The guy got his. Then I stood up and walked toward the front bar door, opened it and walked out. It was dark out there. He was lit up a moment in the doorway, my mind noted a neon sign and I didn't even see it coming.

I was flat on my ass. Sprawled like a fucking land crab. No pain. Just a slight tinkle of wonder. The guy was good. I was too. At absorbing punches, punches and drinks. I could take all they could offer. Sometimes I just wore them down, other times, I didn't.

I got up, swung and missed, but as he sidestepped he slipped into some fresh puke somebody had recently deposited and I hit him in the throat, heard him give a little gulp, his eyes rolled a bit in surprise—he was used to winning—then I dug a left hook toward his gut, he blocked it with his elbow, countered with a hard right to my chin and I was down on my ass again, feeling strange, as if I were in too deep with no place to go. He kicked at my head, I saw it coming, grabbed his shoe, was surprised to have it, lifted it up as I stood up—and he was on his ass.

I stood back then, thinking maybe we could call it like that. Let it be, you know.

I knew I had been lucky. He knew it too.

He got up and came on in. I shot a jab

It was useless, I didn't have my shoulder behind it. I took his next shot fairly well, was almost proud, then he blasted me with his next and I was down on my ass again as the prowler pulled up. I saw it. I was happy to see it. I sat there smiling at the prowler car.

Then I felt him lifting me up. I heard him saying, "I'm just taking him home, officers, he's going to be all right."

They sat and watched as he walked me toward his car, unlocked it. Then he put me in the front seat. Then he got around the other side and got in, started the car. The cops watched us drive off.

He kept driving through the city streets, then we were in a dark area, open country, much space, many trees. He just drove along.

Maybe he's taking me out here to try to finish me off, I thought.

But that wasn't bothering me.

"Hey," I said. "I need a goddamned drink."

"There's a pint in the glove compartment. What's your name?"

"Hank," I said, reaching in and getting the bottle.

"I'm Robert," he said.

I peeled the pint, opened it, took a hit. I passed the bottle to Robert. He took a hit, passed it back.

"What do you do?" he asked.

"Nothing."

We drove along and then Robert said, "Watch this."

There was a small car in front of us. Robert pulled up alongside and stared at the two guys in the other car. They were a couple of kids, maybe 19. Robert kept driving along and staring at the guys. They looked scared. They pulled ahead and Robert went after them. He caught up with them and then banged the side of his car into them. They almost went off the road. They both started screaming.

"Hey, what the fuck are you trying to do?"

"Are you crazy?"

Robert just drove alongside of them

and stared. Then he banged his car into theirs again.

"Hey! Jesus Christ, you asshole!"

Robert banged them again, and this time the driver lost control, he spun off the road, piled into some brush. Robert drove off the road blocking their exit.

"Which one do you want?" he asked me.

"I'll take the guy who gets out second."

We climbed out and waited. The car door opened and a big kid in a gray sweatshirt got out. A nice blond boy.

"You fucking guys crazy?" he asked.

Robert walked up and cracked him with a right. The kid dropped to his knees and held his head.

"Jesus, what did you do that for?" he asked.

Robert grabbed him by the hair and banged his head against the side of the car.

My guy got out of the other side of the car. I walked toward him. Before I could get to him he reached into his back pocket, got his wallet and threw it toward me.

"Please take it," he said, "just don't hurt me."

I picked up the wallet, took the bills out, stuck them in my pocket, threw the wallet back.

"You should never turn down a fight," I told the kid. "It weakens the will."

I turned and looked over at Robert. His guy was out cold and he was stripping him of his wristwatch and a ring.

"Come on, Robert, let's get out of here."

Then the guy had me from behind, he had me in a good choke hold. I couldn't breathe, shots of bright red flashed; I kicked backwards, landed on one of his shins. His grip slipped slightly and I was able to turn sideways but he got the grip on me again, but I reached for his balls, yanked, and he let go. He doubled over, holding his parts. I walked around and kicked him in the ass. He flopped over on the ground,

moaning. I stood there looking at him. Just a kid who wanted to fuck the chicks. Just a kid who wanted to go to college.

Robert walked up beside me. He kicked the kid in the head, hard. The kid straightened fast, like he had been electrocuted, then he went limp.

"You didn't have to do that, Robert. Show some mercy."

"Mercy is for suckers."

"You didn't have to do that."

"Yeah, I did. Now forget it."

"I didn't like that."

"What you don't like doesn't matter."

We walked back toward the car, got in. Robert kicked it over and we were back on the road. I took a hit of the scotch, passed it toward Robert. He waved it off: "Naw, I don't drink with weaklings."

"Good. All the more for me."

We just drove along through the night and I sucked at the scotch.

"Just like a baby with his bottle. You alkie's are weak," he said.

I didn't answer.

"You can't cut it without the booze, can you?" Robert asked.

"No."

I took another hit as we drove along. I wasn't interested in being weak or strong. I just wanted to get by the hours. I wasn't even interested in impressing myself.

"My father was a drunk," Robert said.

"Did it kill him?" I asked.

"The cops killed him."

"Oh."

This guy evidently came from a long criminal line. I could feel it sitting inside of him, locked there. I sensed something else in him, something that wanted to be kind and easy but the other part was too overpowering. He was just naturally and automatically dangerous. I liked some of that but not all of it. His fury had no humor. It was like a job.

"I'll take that drink," he said.

I passed the bottle over. He took a hit, handed it back.

"Mom just got out. She did five years. Homicide."

"Great. Sounds like a great woman."

"She is. You done time?"

"Nothing," I said, "just the drunk-tanks."

"Stick with me. I'll put you through college."

"Yeah."

We drove along. It was a nice warm night. I felt relaxed. It was nice to get out of that bar for a moment. Those

people sitting on those stools were just lonely. It was a lonely world. With everybody pretending it wasn't, pretending that they were handling it. They couldn't even wipe their bung-holes. Nothing was drabber than the masses and that's all there was.

"If you want," said Robert, "we can work together every night. You've got a certain cool that most guys don't have."

"I'm not cool," I said, "I'm just tired."

"That don't matter. We can work together."

"I'll think about it."

What was worrying me was that the pint was almost empty. And I knew that Robert's criminal insanity would not be so enthralling without drink. Nothing was without it. Drink elevated me. Without it I was common. I didn't want to be common. It was too hard.

I sucked at the bottle.

"Drink is a form of escape," I told Robert. "I like to escape."

He just kept driving. I liked the sound of the motor, and the darkness going by. It was like sailing through Time untouched. Movement was unchallenged action.

"Hey!" he said. "I think we got one!"

There was a car ahead. I could sense him elevating into his life-meaning. He was like a tiger closing in on the wildebeest.

It was a small model car, a guy and his girl driving along, a young couple. Robert pulled up next to them and stared. They just looked straight ahead pretending we weren't there. But we were there.

"Robert," I said, "let's let them go. They just want to live."

"That's *their* problem!"

The guy in the other car reduced speed, thinking maybe we would go on. It was his mistake. Robert braked and slowed next to them. Then he just leaned his car against theirs and pushed them off the road.

We got out of our car. And the kid got out of his. Ow, he was big. A little drunk, hair down in his eyes. But he was large, big, he was going to protect his girl. Probably a high-school football star, somebody used to winning.

He stood there in the moonlight and puffed out his chest. He was magnificent and he knew it.

"Okay," he said, "I'll take either one of you guys. Who wants it first?"

"Listen, sir," I said, "we were just kind of clowning around. Let's call it off."

Robert looked at me.

"What are you, some kind of homo?"

"I don't think so."

"Okay, I'll handle this hot dog."

Robert moved toward the big kid. His girl got out of the car. She was magnificent too. Long hair, great body. They were the magnificent pair. The kid would someday be a corporate lawyer. She would be a fashion model. They were winners geared to get it all. I felt as if we were trespassing some holy land of the future.

"Kick his ass, Lancel!" screamed the girl.

"No problem, Darlene."

The big kid and Robert moved toward each other. Then they circled. It was very quiet. You could hear their feet moving in the dirt. The moon seemed to be watching. Everything inhaled. The weeds inhaled, the trees inhaled, the clouds; then there was a movement, fiercely a fist landed upon a head and Robert dropped.

He got right up.

What am I going to do? I thought, if this guy kicks Robert's ass?

All I wanted to do was to be back in my dirty room, in that bed, covers pulled up, staring at the ceiling, waiting. I did that a lot.

There was another sound. And the big kid was down on the ground. You couldn't even see those shots coming. It wasn't a fight of men, it was a fight of rattlesnakes.

The big kid got up and Robert landed again, not as solid this time but enough to stagger the kid. And as Robert moved forward the girl hit him with something from behind. It stopped him a moment and then he looked at me.

"Take care of the broad while I finish this guy!"

I ran over to the girl and grabbed both of her hands. Christ, she was beautiful! Her eyes blazed in anger and fright, her body whirled, convoluted. I actually got a hard-on just holding her there like that. Even in the confusion she seemed to notice that.

She spit in my face: "You ugly beggar!"

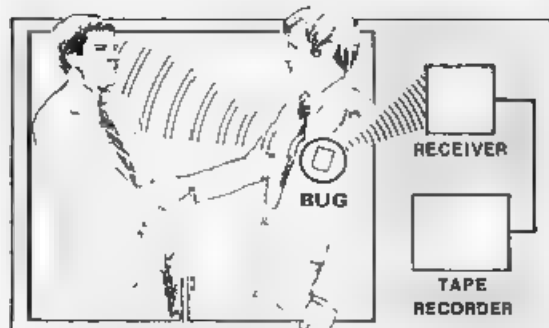
Then she brought her knee up and tried to de-ball me. She just missed and I slapped her hard, saw her stagger in the moonlight, her long blond hair jumping deliciously into space. I grabbed her and kissed her, she bit my lip, I screamed, landed one in her gut and she dropped, her skirt falling back, showing long sheathed legs glistening magically.

Then Robert was standing next to me.

"I finished him off," he said. He looked down at the girl. "Let's fuck her."

/ continued on page 68

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PSYCHEDELIC EXPRESS

Out of the subconscious depths of the dope revolution wells a pool of forgotten knowledge. A mythic tale of the Acid Age.
by William Meyers

Part II: 'The Great Bust

*In this world I'm livin' in, I see the light
Sins are gone, now I know what is wrong and right
Mornin' came on slowly, pushin' back the night
Good times now—I can see the light*

*On this road I'm walkin' on, I see my way
Paradise I'm livin' for, each and every day
Bout the crossroads of the past, nothin' more to say
Good times now—we can see our way*

*In this sea I'm movin' through, feel my life complete
With the one I'm livin' for, time is oh so sweet
Feelin' us together, livin' in the bright—
Good times now—we can see the light*

—Jorma Kaukonen
[“I See the Light”]

The dark interior of our bus was fitfully lit by the revolving flashers on the bank of patrol cars blocking the highway up ahead. The ladies had put the kids to bed in preparation for the hard vibes that might be coming. We waited at first, sitting there in stoned silence, expecting the Man to appear soon at the door. But he didn't appear.

“What's going on, what's going on,” Garrison was saying, tapping the steering wheel with the fingers of one hand and tugging at his beard with the other. “I can't take this,” he said. “I'm going up ahead to see what's happening.”

“Garrison! No!” said both ladies, almost in unison.

He stood there at the front stepwell, frozen but trembling with indecision, as if he would give anything to relieve

himself of the burden of these monstrous spouses who were always bringing him down. All of us had vowed to cop to the will of the other three when it was united, or face the consequences. One of the consequences Garrison was intensely interested in avoiding was being thrown off the bus himself—which he knew the three of us together could do with our teacher's blessing. Absurd as the reality might be at the time, with my own reputation and libido in shreds, he dreaded and even talked to us at times about this nightmarish fantasy he had in his head of me in bed with the two ladies together, and him locked out in the cold.

When he would bring this up to us while we were tripping, it would be obvious that he was doing it exactly to forestall the possibility of any combination of multiple lovemaking from occurring—by ensnaring us in a cerebral hairball of reasons for doing it and reasons for not doing it and reasons for maybe planning to do it but putting it off till later. So he stood there now at the front door, restraining himself with great exertion, conjuring up in the group head the one great thing he feared that could leash his sometimes violent impulses.

“Take Eugene with you then,” said Melissa.

“Eugene!” he said. The ladies had

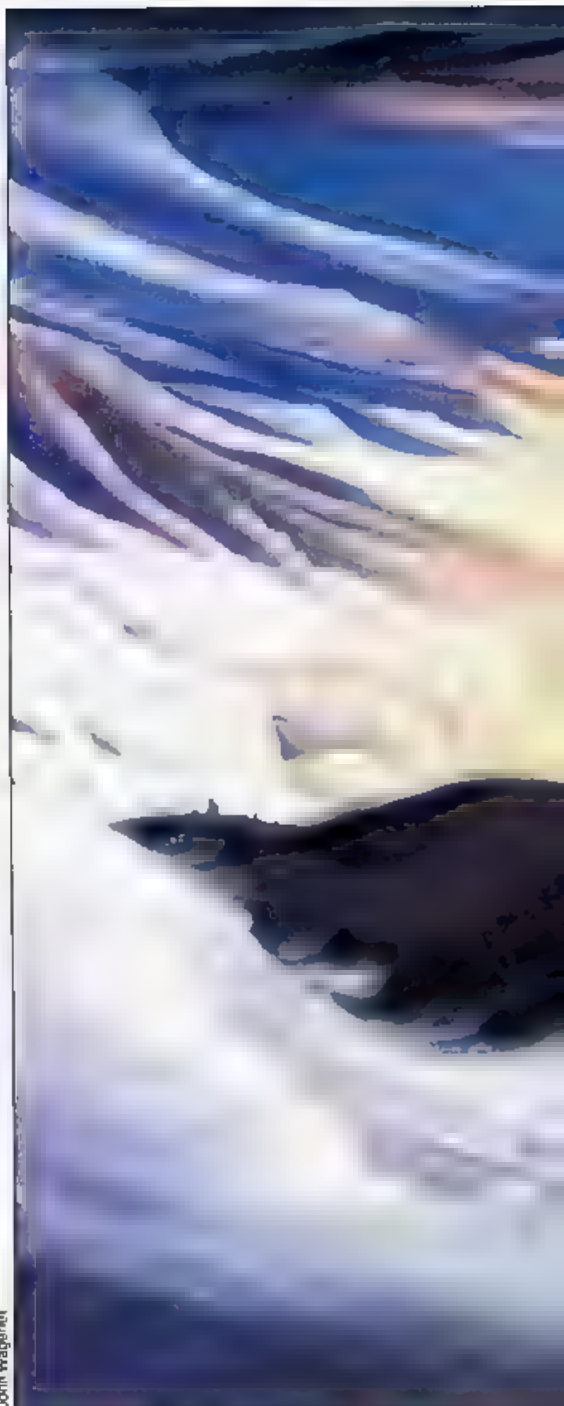
lit the kerosene lamps, and his eyes blazed with the reflection.

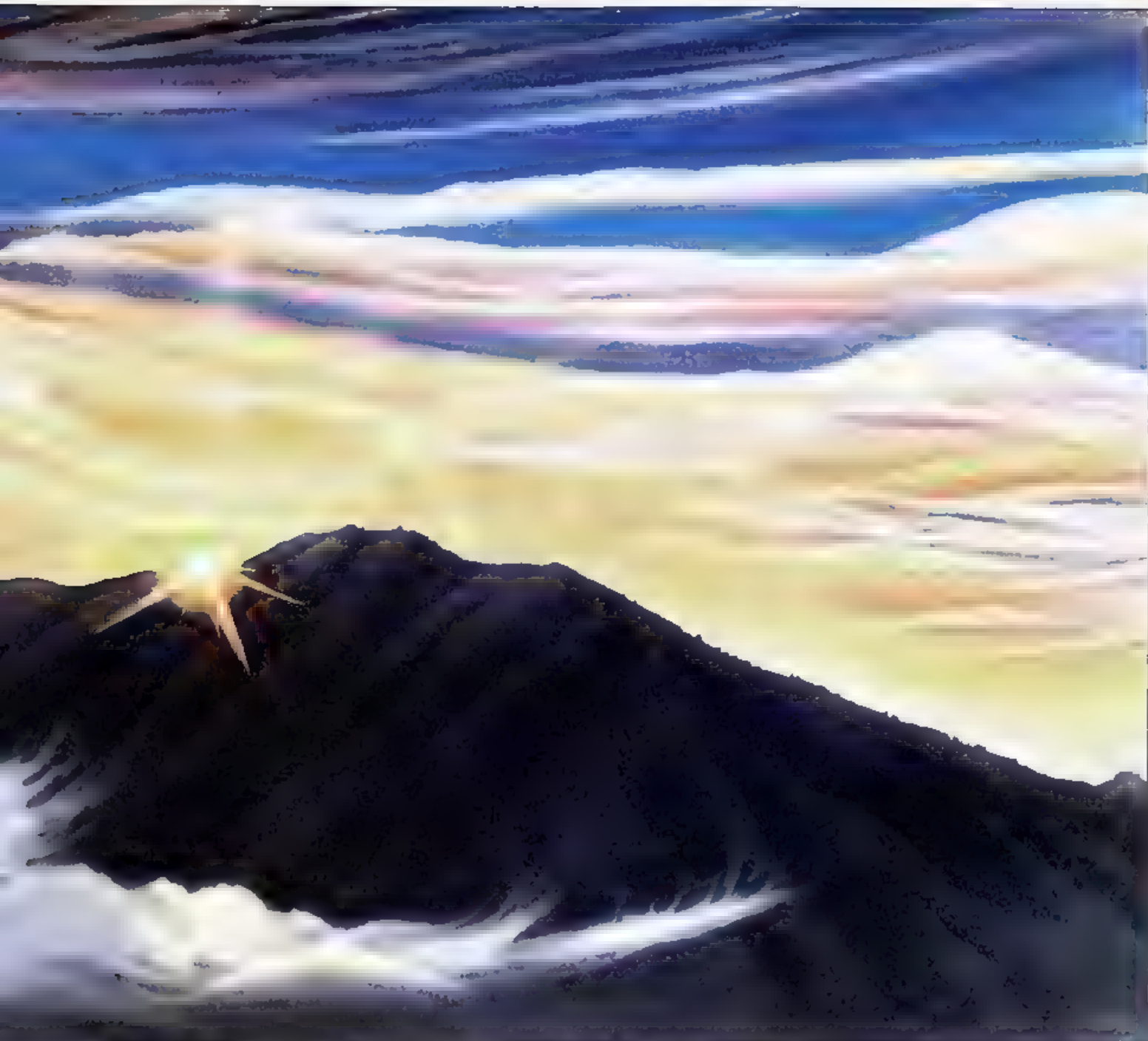
“I love the way you say Eugene,” I said.

“What's wrong with taking Eugene?” Melissa said. “He'll be with you, he won't be with us. You should both be out there together, comanifesting for all of us.”

“But dig it. Just dig where he's at!” he said, almost yelling. Gloria started crying from the back. “He's smart-assing me again. Can't you see that? How can I go out there and talk to those cops, with Eugene at my side, ripping off everything I say? You don't understand what it's like.”

John Wagnon





"What a *burden*, Garrison," said Melissa, feigning deep concern. "The world's on your shoulders, I know."

"Now *you're* getting sarcastic," he said, with implications of her final betrayal. "Well, I'm taking a walk up there by myself." He grabbed the handle attached to the long rod that opened the bus doors. The doors slammed open against the sides of the stepwell. Gloria was crying harder and Meryl had gone back to give her the tit.

Melissa seemed to be getting unnerved. "Garrison Lunt, don't you *dare* go out there on your own," she said, still on the front bed with me,

but rising up on her knees again and coming on heavy. "You could endanger this whole trip if you do that. You're just too *nutty* right now to be out there trying to convince those cops we're cool."

"We're supposed to be able to do a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn on a dime," he said. "Right, Eugene? Well, if I'm nutty in the here and now, it's because you manifest me that way." There was real tightness in his voice. "*All of you*," he said, staring hot pokers at Melissa.

"You get back what you put out, Garry," she said, lowering her voice to the old intimate level. "The love you

take is equal to the love you make. You know that. Sometimes it just takes a while to build up your good karma."

"Then I'm going out to build up my good karma," he said, exiting out the door.

"Come *back*, you *fucker!*" she yelled, barking like a marine sergeant—to her own evident dismay and discomfort. Looking totally ripped off, she fell back against the big paisley pillows and exhaled a despairing breath.

I knew intuitively what was next. I got up and brushed my hair, struggling in my mind's telephone booth to don the superman suit of the serious spiritual student. Which was easy

enough while sitting on a knoll stoned on acid. Talking to the heat was something else. "Guess I'll go find him," I said.

"Try to make sure he doesn't say anything dumb," she said. "And don't say anything dumb yourself."

"You've got to trust me again, Melissa," I said.

"That takes time," she said.

I stepped out the bus door onto the roadside gravel, which dug into the soles of my bare feet like alpine pinnacles. We weren't much into wearing shoes in those days either. Blinded for a moment by all the lights, I picked my way around the front of the bus to the edge of the warm, smooth pavement. A helicopter out beyond the lights somewhere was going *thwock-thwock-thwock-thwock*... amidst the sound of more vehicles coming up from behind and lining up behind us, motors and headlights gradually being cut out, more hisses from disengaged air compressors.

Up at the front of the line was where the real action seemed to be happening. The double-decker teacher's bus in front, and the three buses behind it—the fancier ones with the modified lofts and skylights and observatories, belonging to the four-marriage families who by common consent were the most incredibly together—were illuminated by floodlights now, and were flickering red, white and blue in the glare of the patrol-car flashers. Troopers in tan uniforms, packing pistols, had the area surrounded, and behind them, hard to see against the dark of the woods, were other dudes in blue caps and jumpsuits with semiautomatic weapons. They had obviously come prepared for anything.

A bunch of our people had come out onto the road too. I didn't see Garrison anywhere, but recognized a lot of other familiar faces in the flashing dark—Frank and Manacita, Winona and all her kids, Shakey Lobelia, Seymour the Mendicant... most of the folks from Humble Bottom... None of the faces seemed particularly distraught. If anything, there was a glow and a calm in their eyes that was immediately contagious, and in stark contrast to the fixed stares of the troopers cordoned around the buses.

"What's goin' on?" I said to one of them, feeling more relaxed now and not so concerned with being so blitzed on the peyote.

"You tell me that," said this hulk

of an Oregon state trooper, turning his eyes on me suddenly. His hands were on his hips, and he was clearly demarcating a restricted area—but he was leaving me an opening too.

"We're just passin' through," I said, conjuring up positive magic, "on our way up toward Portland to have a talk with the folks up there. Then on around the country. What's all this hassle here about anyway?"

"Search," he said, his eyes glazing over, "routine search."

"We're from San Francisco," I said, trying again. "Did you ever hear of the One Class?"

"Naw."

"We've been meetin' for goin' on five years now," I said. "We get together every week to talk about God and stuff. We're like a class that way. But we also feel like there's only one class of people in the world, really—except that people are deluded into thinking there's many."

"I'll bet you people are peaceniks," he said.

"We're nonviolent all right," I said, the heads of the few folks who had gathered around the conversation now nodding up and down at that one. After living in state-registered vehicles for so long and having to find places to park and sleep in mostly state-maintained parks and rest stops, we were all intimately aware by now of the protective value of that particular umbrella.

"What's that mean?" said the trooper dude, whose name badge said RENFREW. "Somebody try 'n kill you, you gonna lie down and play dead?"

"Naw," I said. "Somebody try 'n kill me, I'll do what I can to stop 'em. You just got to judge who or what you're up against. The minimal force necessary to preserve the life force, I guess you could say."

A crowd of folks had gathered around by now, as we Classmates tended to do when anything juicy seemed to be happening. Renfrew got a little uneasy under the attention and stiffened up a bit. It was a knock-out to have established a connection with a mind on the "other side" in such a highly polarized situation. We always tried to do that right at first, when the vibes most needed mellowing. It was an art you learned, like the gypsies, living a life of no social standing.

"Where you people should be is in Vietnam," said Renfrew, no longer able to contain himself. His mind was

obviously blown. How often in the life of a country cop would there be a dope caravan and a herd of rainbow-robed hippies to deal with, anyway?

"Hey, man," said Seymour the Mendicant, grinning his big grin. "If you don't go in the army, they can't make you kill. If you don't go to Vietnam, they can't make you fight their war. If nobody goes to Vietnam, there's no war."

Renfrew looked a little disgusted and decided against saying anything. The scene was shifting over where the buses were being searched, and it looked like something had been decided, and it was about to happen.

"Hey, Renfrew," I said, seeing his mind tugged by the call of duty. "We really love God and respect all life. We really hate to kill or see anything killed. That's why we're the way we are." It was a message programmed into his memory bank that might leap out at him later.

"Well, you got to fight... some time," he muttered, moving off.

It was okay. He wasn't agreeing, but he was deigning to converse with us—even going through changes in his head. It was a first step forward. The ice was broken. The paranoia level had begun to recede.

There was still no indication of what was going on up in the restricted area—the feeling was strong that this bubble was about to pop, but what was next?

I made my way back to our bus through other clumps of hippies and heat who had ended up hanging out together while the search went on. I caught a glimpse of Garrison holding forth with a bunch of the blue jumpsuit team. He was really in his element now, and probably laying a rap on them about the Buddha mind I always liked to break the ice with the squares by kind of shooting the shit at first at their level. Garrison felt like that was condescending—that every natural monkey on the rock would (or should) take a natural and immediate interest in the Buddha's findings, since they applied to all humanity. So we often, as now, stayed apart from each other in a crowd. We were actually uncomfortable being around each other, always a little apprehensive as we were of being ripped off by each other. The wonder of it was that we were married.

Back down the line where our bus was parked, whole families had come

/ continued on page 62

MERRY CHRISTMAS Y'ALL



In the DEA's march to the sea,
they didn't get all the buds in Georgia - not by a long shot.
This war on drugs may be hell, but the crops shall rise again.
Here's wishing you a Chattahoochee Doobie and a
Happy New Year.





HOW TO GET RID OF RODENTS, RABBITS AND WOODCHUCKS

More than rip-offs, more than the police, garden-variety pests present the greatest obstacle that can come between a grower and a successful harvest. How can you prevent against their insidious damage? Ed has the answer.

Dear Ed,

I have three questions to ask. Here they are: (1) How do you get rid of rodents such as rabbits and woodchucks? (2) Does topping female plants actually increase THC potential? (3) How do you keep cutworms away from the stalk? There's a cutworm that eats a hole in the stalk and then eats its way up inside. It kills the plant.

—A Poor Boy from Kentucky

(1) There are many ways to prevent damage from rodents in the garden. If there are only a few plants involved, a physical barrier is the easiest and surest method. Small plants are best kept in an enclosure or surrounded by a protective fence made from chicken wire, which has holes too small for such animals to pass through. Larger plants can also be protected by using fence or stem collars. First, check the habits of the animal which is damaging the crop. Mice usually like tender seedlings, rabbits like older plants and gophers burrow underground. If the animal climbs, a smooth metal collar may be appropriate. Chewers are discouraged by wrapping steel wool around the stems and chicken wire underground deters gophers. Gophers will eat castor beans dropped in their holes. The beans are poisonous and will kill them.

Commercial poisons and traps are also effective and are readily available, but the animals quickly learn about these devices and avoid or outsmart them. Hungry garden cats are very effective. (2) Topping a plant will not increase its potency. It will change the physical configuration of the plants and, ultimately, the buds. A topped plant usually has larger side buds and smaller top buds than a plant allowed to grow untopped. (3) Cutworms are the immature (larval)

stage of moths and vary in size between one-eighth and two inches, depending on species and maturity. Usually they hatch from eggs deposited directly on the growing plants. Cutworms do most of their damage in the early spring; a single cutworm can destroy several seedlings overnight. Some species crawl inside older plant stems, eat the soft pulp and kill the plant, as mentioned in your letter.

The best way to eliminate cutworms is with the use of *Bacillus thuringiensis*, often called b.t., available under a wide variety of trade names through nurseries and nursery mail-order catalogs. B.t. is a bacteria which attacks only moth larvae and is harmless to mammals. It comes as a powder or liquid and is sprayed on the plants. When a cutworm comes in contact with it, the pest gets the plague and dies. Once sprayed, the insecticide is effective until it is washed off.

Collars are also a useful means of reducing damage. Cutworms are unable to climb over smooth barriers. They are easily trapped by spreading Tanglefoot or other viscous, sticky substances to the collar.

Before planting, gardeners can minimize cutworm damage by cultivating the ground early in the spring so that when the cutworms hatch, they are exposed. Weed seedling should be destroyed or the ravenous larvae will feed on them until the garden is planted. Wait two weeks before planting. All the cutworms will be dead from starvation.

Dear Ed,

I am living in Tampa, Florida, and am in search of better yields. I grow in straight worm castings. I need to know the follow-



Greenhouse, Calaveras County, Calif.

ing: (1) What is the best kind of drainage system to grow in during the heavy monsoon-type rains? (2) Does this overabundance of rainfall cause leaves to turn yellowish? (3) Is it better to go with organic fertilizers than premanufactured?

—Bran

Florida soil is usually very sandy, with only a small amount of organic matter. The soil usually drains well, but because the groundwater level is so high, it may hold water for some time before draining. Marijuana is very susceptible to root rot when the root system is deprived of oxygen. This problem can be eliminated by planting in mounds six inches to a foot above the ground. Excess water will drain from the mound faster than from the ground. A plastic mulch will prevent rain from drowning plants.

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Peter Hudson

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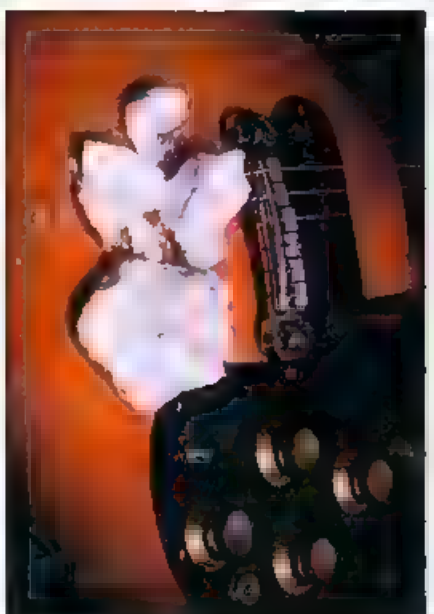


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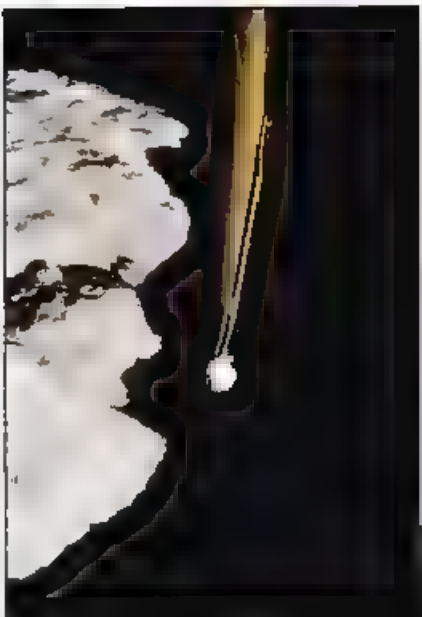
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HIGH TIMES



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February



August



The scales of high justice, by V.R., Atlanta, Ga.



Bud of the Month. A tray of indica-sativa hybrids. Anonymous, Atlanta, Ga.

It is easily removable and can be adjusted so that some water reaches the roots.

The yellowing (presumably of low leaves) is caused by nutrient deficiencies, primarily nitrogen (N), which is leached away by the precipitation. The plants are probably also deficient in other nutrients.

Wet, warm soil quickly burns up organic matter because the micro-life works faster at high temperatures. Organic matter has the capacity to hold nutrients. Some organic matter may hold water too well in the soggy season. Composted leaves or agricultural residue will hold nutrients while remaining relatively aerated and may be worked into the soil before planting—until it decomposes it will hold nutrients. However, other fertilizers will probably be needed during the growing season. Water-

soluble fertilizers are quickly absorbed by the roots and remain accessible until heavy rains. Time-release fertilizers may also be helpful, but they will release faster than stated on the package in hot, moist soil.

Dear Ed,

I read your article "Choosing a Cannabis Variety" in the May issue of HIGH TIMES. I do not have access to outstanding breeds of cannabis. I would like to know how I can purchase seeds or cuttings of outstanding plants of the sativa varieties you recommended.

*—Virginia T.
Queens, N.Y.*

As you know, all varieties of marijuana are illegal in the United States. Furthermore, it is a felony to grow the herb in

48 states, including New York. So any seed acquisition must be done with discretion. The easiest and surest way to obtain seeds is to remove them from purchased pot. That way you know the mother's characteristics. New York is a tremendous magnet for some of the world's best and most exotic grasses. When you find a variety that you appreciate try to germinate seeds from it.

Some exotic grasses are not ordinarily imported into the United States. Afghani, Southern African and other Africans are rarely seen here. These varieties are usually shipped to Europe. They are easily procured in the free market in Amsterdam and are sometimes shipped back to the United States in small packages. Sinsemilla buds often contain a few seeds. These are probably viable and are usually hybrids. Sometimes the seeds are second-generation hybrids and will have various combinations of their parent genes. In that case, rather than being uniform in characteristics the way a first-generation hybrid would be, the plants exhibit variations.

Dear Friends,

Thank you for all the nice letters and photos. I welcome questions, comments and information about marijuana. If your letter is used, you will receive a copy of *The Marijuana Growers Guide*, deluxe edition. Be sure to send in your photos for "Bud of the Month" and "Garden of the Month."

I am planning a future article profiling gardener-constructed hydroponic systems. If you have designed and built an innovative unit that has been proven, I would like to hear from you. Include information on how you built it, how you operate it and your general gardening practices: light regimen, watering practices, nutrients, pH and varieties used.

I am planning to hold a "Marijuana Bake-Off" in February. If you have a favorite recipe, send it along. All kinds of foods will be considered, not just desserts or sweets. Please include a photo if possible. Make sure to note how the marijuana is prepared for the recipe. Only recipes using shake, leaf or their derivatives will be tested.

All correspondence is strictly confidential.

Once again, thank you for your support of the column and keep those letters coming.

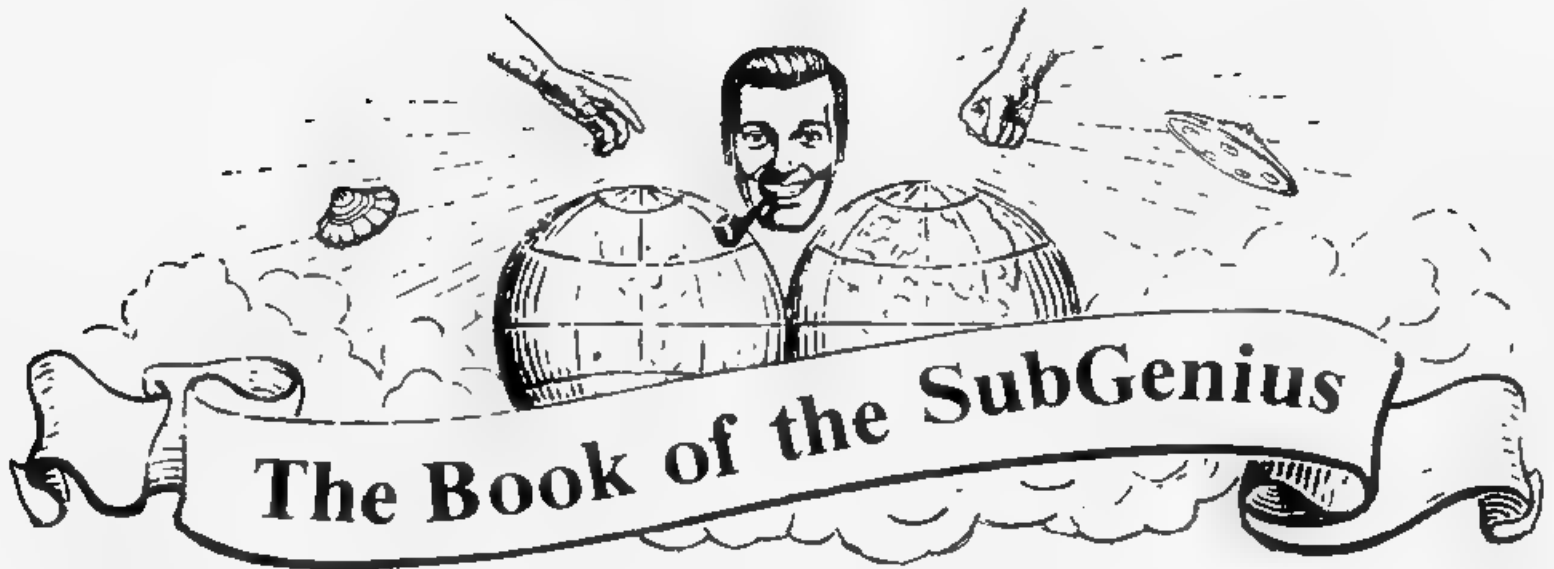
*—Stay high,
Ed*

Lunatic Prophecies for the Coming Weird Times

THE BOOK OF THE

SubGenius®





Right You want to know, "JUST EXACTLY WHAT IS THIS CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS?" That question is asked a thousand times a day, every day, somewhere. And it's a good thing, because that's the most pertinent question to ask in this modern age.

There is no description. Words do not suffice; one must "SEE." We let you see a little at a time until you are led *gradually* to TOTAL CLARITY. It is the Nameless Mission.¹ The true mission is always nameless. To name it is to doom it to alert the enemy.

But as the million-legged Church crawls around inside your cranium, there is one point it keeps returning to. It is the very point of the Church. The point is "Bob."

"Bob" is, was, and ever shall be, "Bob" is you, "Bob" is me, "Bob" is the Kama Sutra, the Id, the light that glows in the heart and mind of EVERY free-thinking SubGenius. And "Bob" is a

It's "Bob."

It always comes down to that.

Because "Bob" is SLACK.

And SLACK is what you want. SLACK is what you need. As the Pope of All New York⁴ told the multitudes,

"With the FLUORESCENCE of Slack a CHANGE will come. Slackness will ENTER your life. Slackness will MAKE YOU SEE. Slackness will SET YOU FREE."

Slackness IS! Slackness LIVES.

Slackness WAITS FOR YOU and YEAH! send \$20."

Slack is what was *taken away*, Slack is what "Bob" gives BACK.

That's as simple as we can ever make it. From here it just spirals off into stormier and stormier complications but in the

1. THE NAMELESS MISSION named by Puzzling Evidence, an anti-Conspiracy intelligence agency originating from a secret base somewhere on the West Coast and spreading out to influence all SubGeniusdom, militarily, for better or worse. Keepers of the Archives of the Ears of Unibrow, Commander-in-Chief Well Manhead, Disembowler of Conspiracies Nankar Phlegm, & Security Officer Sensitive Leaf have been assigned to act as impartial Arbiters of Justice for the SubGenius Foundation in case Dallas is nuked.

4. The Pope is the Rev. Dr. Dr. (Mr. M.D.) David N. Meyer, III D.D., B.B.T., who holds his revivals ONLY in the evillest, most lucrative New York night clubs. Performs healings by sheer vocal intensity alone.

very MIDST of that storm there are two anchors you can always get back to, and those are "Bob" and Slack.

Now, you do not just sit and wait for Slack. You do not "work" at it either. This is an *exact science* of ways to achieve Slack through "seeing."

You will be taught by someone you can trust completely. By "Bob."

The fact that you have gotten *this far* procuring this Book indicates that you haven't been completely "asleep." You haven't been totally taken in by Them. Not yet.

But they can still trick you. As bait they feed you *too much* of the *wrong kind* of Slack—the FALSE SLACK of the Conspiracy.

The "Conspiracy" is Them. It was *They* who took away your real Slack.

Them

YOU are not one of Them, and never were, not even when They made you *want* to be. In fact, that's *why* They wanted *your* Slack. It's why you *had* Slack in the first place.

They did manage to steal most of your Slack. But they obviously haven't got it *all*, and they haven't got "Bob," and as long as there is ONE FREE MAN among us their system cannot be complete because it is by nature a closed system, and if we can *keep* their system incomplete, it will close down of its own accord. By Their own Law. Their Law of Normalcy.

Yes. They wanted you to at least *want* to be "Normal." Well, you may *look* normal. You may *act* normal. But you *aren't* normal. *YOU JUST AREN'T NORMAL.*

And it is the POWER of your abnormality that saves you, that causes their system not to have a *place* for you, that makes you a SubGenius.

The Conspiracy system burns humans as fuel. SubGeniuses aren't humans. They gum up the works.

If you're a human you've read too far. CLOSE THE BOOK!

WHENCE COMETH THE "BOB"

In the early Forties an industrious young American salesman, while working late one night on an experimental television of his own design, was abruptly *Removed* and translated astrally across the yawning gulfs of space and time to the very 'IDGE' of JHVH-



I HIMSELF! While his body lay thrashing at home in a seizure-like trance, the young man's consciousness took the brunt of the first brain-buffeting **communioications** of countless to come from the alien Yahweh awesome gland-curdling pronouncements which now form the sacred **Prescriptions** of the Church

THE MYSTIC PATH TO ABUNDANCE

We call this milestone in Man's mined path to Slack **The Divine Emaculation of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs**. It transformed him overnight into history's sexiest, most sensational Religious Leader and gave him the spiritual know-how to handle both the "curves" and **The Conspiracy!** From suave ladies' man (and men's man) to hard-as-nails fighter, he takes daily threats to his life with raw, cold courage and can mix it with the best and worst of rival cult leaders

Although the least scrutable or approachable of all SubGenii and there is some debate whether he even *is* one — he is by far the most frequently invoked of all our uncountable "**Short Duration Personal Saviors**." While he doubtless would prefer to remain an anonymous executive shunning publicity or recognition, he is nonetheless our basic model, the Archetypal Sub Genius who set the "anti-pattern" of random conduct we all now follow ... if you can call that 'following'. His are the divine *defects* and *failures* which we devotedly preserve, twist and distort for future generations. Yet he remains a mystery man, the only photos of him that exist are culled from old two-bit magazine ads for which he modeled, or grainy frame blow-ups from Grade Z monster movies in which he played bit parts. We are forever in search of historic Dobbs

THE SCARY POWERS OF "BOB"

The exact time and place of the nativity of Dobbs is kept secret, of course, to prevent his astrological charts from being plotted which, aside from his hair or fingernail clippings, would be **ALL THEY'D NEED** to get a fix on him with their Migraine

Machines. However, we can reveal that he was born and raised somewhere in the Midwest during the Twenties. One Dobbs Nativity theory holds that he was a feral child, found in the wilderness suckling a mother puma. This is most likely a myth and can probably be discounted as part of the smog of legend which surrounds this seemingly ageless man

His father, an immigrant and descendant of the only Spanish Mayans who had maintained a furtive, underground existence in Spain — ran a pharmacy. His partially anglicized name was *Xuacha-Chi-Xan M. Dobbs*, and he apparently died in 1949 in an explosion while mixing chemicals in the back of the store

"Bob's" mother, an American of Irish descent, was *Jane McBride Dobbs*, a relative of the Irish revolutionary hero Arthur McBride. Obviously, "Bob" doesn't resemble his father in the least, and this has given rise to Jane Dobbs' reputation as "The Divine Virgin." There is, however, no little evidence that a mysterious milkman, probably Jewish, was the true Dobbsdad. Although this man's identity is swathed in the mists of rumor, and Dobbs has gone to some pains to quash serious investigation, we nevertheless have good reason to assume that this wandering milkman furnished the true "Bob" gene. Another question that arises: was he even from Earth? The fact that most of these people were "undocumented aliens" makes research all the more difficult

END OF CIVILIZATION, OR BIRTH OF A PERFECT BARBARISM??

"Bob's" two younger brothers do physically resemble Mr Dobbs. They are the "Weak Brother," Rod, and the "Evil Brother," Judas J. "Jim" Dobbs. The former works in a canning factory in California and the latter founded the infamous **Cult of the Mystic Annihilation** — fortunately a short-lived fiasco.

Dobbs showed early leadership qualities. He formed his first "cult," the Ghost Riders Club, with friends at age 5. Age 6 saw the Doc Savage Club, based on the first pulp hero "OverMan." Age 7: The Girl Haters Club. Age 8: The Girl F—ers club. Age 9: The Bat Man Club (*before* Batman comics!)



By the time he reached high school, "Bob" had managed to acquire a law degree by mail, and secretly opened an office in a nearby town. However, he was disbarred after a valiant battle to return land rights to a local Indian tribe . . . probably Sioux. He is still in close contact with the medicine men of his tribe.

It goes without saying that "Bob" was not ruined forever. The next five years are the most mysterious of his life; however, they're certainly the least documented, and "Bob" himself refuses to discuss them. Apparently he spent much of this time in a state of awe and confusion, testing his newfound powers. It may well be that in doing so he *misused* them, which may account for his reticence regarding this period. We do know that in 1943 he went to the U.S. Government with the intention of turning these amazing mystic abilities against the Nazi war machine.

Just before World War II broke out, Dobbs and two pals, Bubba Smith and Dub Jones, formed an entirely unsanctified proto-SubGenius scam, religion strictly as a rip-off scheme. It fizzled miserably — "We made real idiots of ourselves" — but, ironically, it was shortly thereafter that he had his first *authentic* bout with JHVH-I — his **Emaculation**.

This most critical episode in "Bob's" life is covered in the chapter on *The Prescriptions*, so we will bypass it for now.

The impact on "Bob" of being chosen as the Vessel, the Conduit for the Word of WOTAN was, at first, devastating. The physical aftereffects alone almost killed him. In his own words: "After you have a Vision like this, it's like a million hangovers at once. Your head feels like a flashbulb that's just been popped — warped, burning plastic, twisted and blown out . . . too much energy blasting through at once. It ruins you for a long time . . . maybe forever." (From an interview in *Traveling Evangelist Magazine*.)

After the War, Dobbs entered the phase of his career for which he is best known. Now understanding true Slack, and working always by *accident alone*, he began stumbling from one line of work to another, deliberately operating without any set plans whatsoever, and thus making a million dollars every time he *screwed up*. Just a few of these early businesses: selling "miracle paints," aluminum siding, stocks and commodities, a roofing scam; a sex clinic, marriage counseling, debt collection; T-shirts, real estate . . . he also sold mail order businesses by mail, wrote the phrases on gumballs and valentine candies, designed Cracker Jack prizes, created a chain of Sex Novelty Vending Machines for

service stations, ran a lottery, opened a private investigator's office, was a vanity publisher, and even invented countless non-essential household items that "made good ad copy." It was right after a stint as a carnival barker at the Wheel of Chance and the "freak show" tent that he moved simultaneously into his two true loves: Sales and Religion. (In the midst of all that, he still "found time" to serve a stint in jail for Mail Fraud, and also played pro football in the now-defunct Canadian League. Word has it that he used to score touchdowns "by mistake.")

It was in 1955 that "Bob" had his lesser-known Second Major PreVision. Once again, a great deal of Divine Suffering was involved. But, where some other great cult leader might get crucified, leave it to "Bob" to come up with a shortcut: in this case, a **hernia operation**. So important is this event to Church dogma that devout followers sometimes display spontaneous hernia stigmata.

The episode stirred up a renewed and perhaps *frenzied* interest in the Church of the SubGenius, which Dobbs had formed some two years earlier in a half-hearted attempt to placate JHVH-I. Now, "Bob" seemed to take it far more seriously. He began to recruit carefully selected individuals from the new world of high finance. There was no hint of our present fierce evangelism. "Bob" was biding his time, gathering forces and the most powerful followers, gradually but relentlessly preparing for that *perfect moment* which would come when the Church would be made public.

He worked on developing his powers. He journeyed to Tibet, studied under the most ascended monks and Yetis high in the Himalayas, and underwent a severe training program with the guidance of his new friend, Dr. T. Lobsang Rampa. He stayed in the Forbidden City of Chang Eng, home of a lost civilization of super-intelligent Yetis; there, crude and highly ritualistic surgery was performed on "Bob" which opened his **Third Nostril**. This necessary step in participant evolution, now routinely performed by the Bobmonks on all newcomers to Dobbstown, involves the inserting of long bamboo rods into the nose and up to the brain, opening the long-closed orifice which enables a SubGenius to "**whiffread**" the psychic "**pstench**" of others.

No less crucial in prepping Dobbs for Avatarhood was his first and still primary wife, "Connie." She had been his childhood sweetheart in First Grade. In 1955, more than 20 years later, they

remet and married. Her impact on "Bob" is inestimable. Recently a "Church of Connie's Panties" has sprung up and is gathering momentum despite its rather juvenile basic premise.⁶

"Connie" sang with "Bob's" short-lived jazz combo, "*Bob Dobbs and the Doo-Bops*, and gave him five sons: Bubba, "Bobby" Jr., Adam Kadmon, Shem, and Shaun. There is also a daughter, but the Family Dobbs keeps her name a secret in order to limit the number of suitors who would try to "marry into" this awesome dynasty.

Oddly enough it was "Connie" who encouraged the "extended family" idea now practiced by the Church. Although we cannot tell how many "husbands" "Connie" has collected, we know that "Bob" now has at least one "Secondary Wife and Family" in every state of the union as well as 2,952 "Tertiary Families" spread evenly throughout the world. All of his wives and countless children fiercely defend "Bob" as a companion and provider and insist that he always seems to have plenty of time to spend with them. "Bob" clones, or doubles? If such is the case, it may have some bearing in the many paternity suits now being pressed on the Church by thousands of young people who claim to be bastard children of "Bob" from extra-marital relationships he was driven to consummate by his monstrously overactive Foot and Soul Glands.

The Smiling One also began buying his way onto the sets of many low-budget science fiction and horror films. Of his 54 known walk-on appearances in films—each one involving a few lines of dialog which, one realizes in retrospect, planted hints of the fantastically interwoven Conspiracy and alien plots we now fight—the most famous are these: *THE UGLIEST MONSTER* (1959), *BAD NEWS FROM VENUS* (1960), *MARS NEEDS WOMEN* (1965), *20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH* (1957), and *ZONTAR, THING FROM VENUS* (1965). A great many of these were shot in Dallas, Texas, where "Bob" had set up his American headquarters.

Why Dallas? "Because it is a sterile city," says "Bob." "It has to be clean because the Doktors work there." The fact that *The Prescriptions* pinpoint Dallas as one of the few safe places to be during the coming Eco-Econocataclysm may also have something to do with the selection. **IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION!**

In 1971, Dobbs met a young Dallas man we shall call Dr. X, who became his drinking partner during "Bob's" renewed bout with the bottle. Together they wrote a number of now standard rock-and-roll songs under assumed names,⁷ and Dr. X began helping Dobbs locate people to run what would become the public relations arm of the Church, The SubGenius Foundation. In 1972 "Bob" initiated telepathic contact with the then-down-and-out "Dr." Philo Drummond, and finally appeared to him in person in 1973. Philo recruited his friend Ivan Stang, a failed science fiction writer, to help generate the first Church brochures and propaganda booklets. The rest is history, at least to the I. R. S.

Many ask, "Where is "Bob" now?"

He might be performing arcane rituals in Dobbstown, or deciphering forbidden texts under Incan ruins high in the Andes, he might be lounging in any of 18 skyscraper penthouses or playing 'tag' in the front yard of one of his families. He might be up in that great DC-10 jet plane he pilots, or down on Skid Row giving some bum a haircut. He might be tumbling in bed,

extracting secrets from some Conspiracy wench, or bad guy, or preaching to the winos in the Dallas drunk tank. It doesn't matter. As long as the smoke from his Pipe keeps finding its way to Heaven, we on Earth are safe.

THE SECRETS OF SLACK

Alongside your normal, everyday life, there is another life: one in which you have *SLACK*.

The vast majority of Mankind remains in ignorance; most humans spend their lives in spiritual darkness, at the crazy mercy of chance and accident. SubGeniuses, basking in the 5,000-watt Light of Dobbs, are *also* at the mercy of chance and accident—yet given a boost by The Pipe Bringer, the seeker can "climb aboard" chance and accident and *ride* them like a cosmic surfboard on the oceans of the **Luck Plane**, "hanging ten" on the very same waves of randomness that cause *humans* such envious HATE.

For, even if there's *actually* no "reason" for anything, even if nothing can be known *for sure* in an unbelievable world where psychotics run the Department of the Interior and mutilate cattle, we can still retain one concrete ball of fact that the most shattered instincts cannot deny: *Something is going on, and we deserve better.*

We keep getting these *hints*. Little integrated Hints of meaning that are much more fun than the longer hours of non-meaning. Hints that **the world owes us a living.**

WHAT IS HE TELLING US?

MAN WAS BORN WITH ORIGINAL SLACK, yet most 'civilized' peoples don't believe in it, and their most learned scholars can't even *comprehend* it. THAT is why the Idiot is closer to the Divine, why "Bob" is adulated for his Follies rather than his skills. If you do not *believe* in Slack, it will not make itself available to you.

Above all, no matter its cost in continuity, **SLACK MUST COME FIRST** in the life of any Initiate . . . at least, until Slack *becomes* him.

He who is rich in Slack is richer than the most statused Conspiracy *thing-monger*.

Slack is the Aladdin's Lamp that opens the *other* five senses. It is the yardstick by which we *should* measure *ourselves*. It is really the only good reason to get out of bed, and if you don't believe *that*, you are surely lost in Perdition.

THE INSCRUTABILITY OF SLACK

The Slack that can be described is not the true Slack.

Slack, in its cosmic sense, is that which remains when all that is *not* Slack is taken away. But Slack is a trickster. It is unknowable, ineffable, unsearchable, incomprehensible . . . *hidden* in revelation.

For Slack *comprises* the Universe. It is the Logos, the Tao, the *Wor*, the *Ain Soph* of the Qabbala. The 'aether' does not consist of atoms, but of an ultimately simple hydromechanical field **DEVOID OF COMPLICATIONS**. Just as Matter is but a slowly vibrating form of Energy, so is Energy a slowly vibrating form of **SLACK**. The *Luck Plane itself*, the Boundless World of Divine Names, is composed of Slack. It is an energy/antienergy field, far more delicate than Wotan's neutrinos and bobyons, permeating everything.

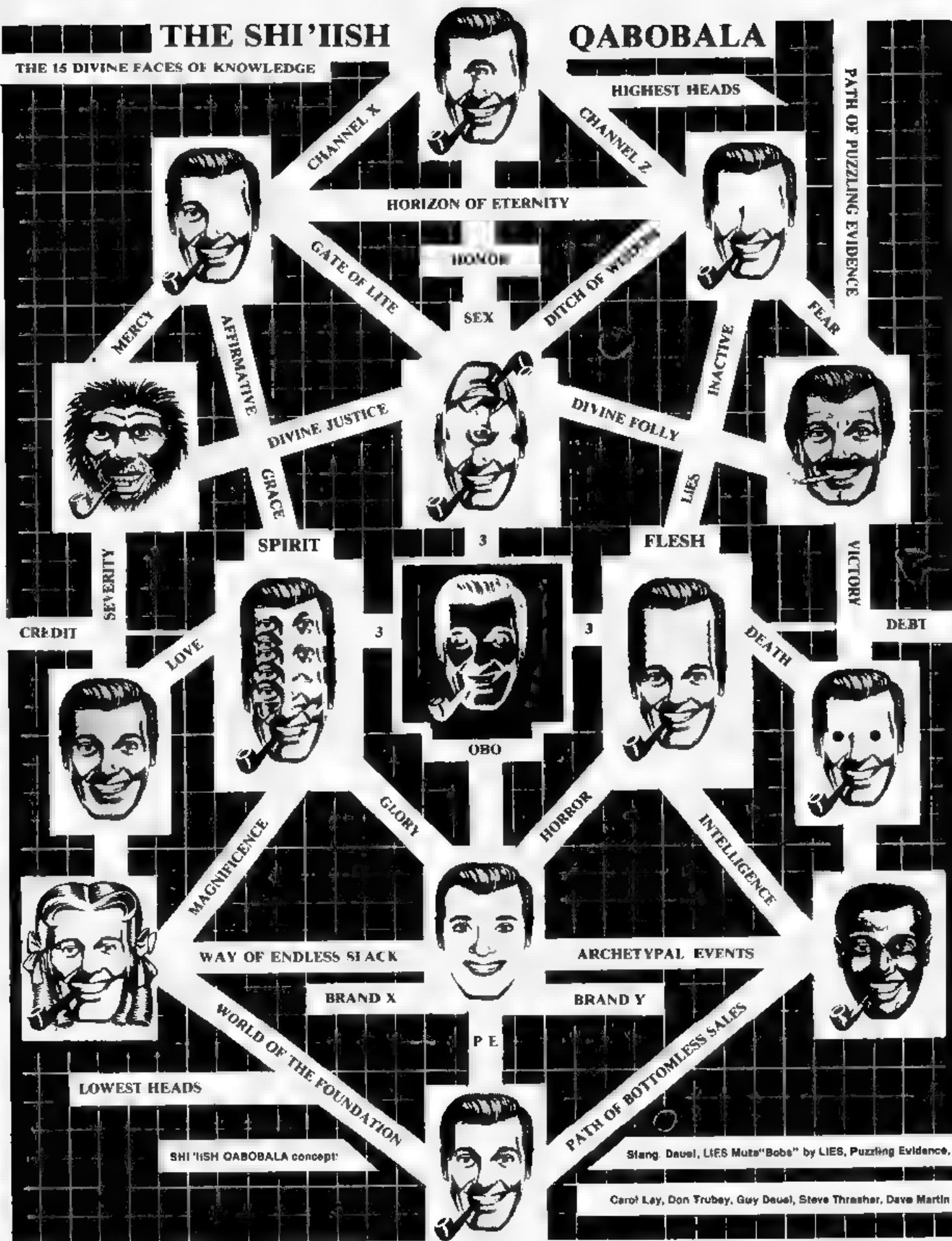
6. This cult, centered around the undergarments of Dobbs' Primary Mate, was founded by Senator Jay Kinney after an ecstatic trance in which he claims to have *whiffread* the Panties themselves.

7. The rare album *Put Your Hands On The Radio* by The Pink Boyz, suppressed by the Rock and Roll Conspiracy, contains the least adulterated of these songs.

THE SHI'ISH

THE 15 DIVINE FACES OF KNOWLEDGE

QABOBALA





It pervades space and fuels Time, yet it is not always 'activated.' Sometimes it is in a state of cosmic tension, of **AntiSlack.**

Because Slack is measureless to the point of inconceivability, it is therefore much like NOTHING. Beyond Light, you see, there is a super-essential DARKNESS (and beyond that, of course, a double-super-essential Light again). The ancient drunkard Dionysus told of a "dazzling obscurity which outshines all brilliance with the intensity of its darkness." This is the Void, the Emptiness: that great Shortage which winos and other philosophers have called 'The Hole.'

By monitoring the volume of mail and phone calls that come into The SubGenius Foundation, we have discovered a 13 Day Cycle to the ebb and flow of the tide of SubGenius activity. They all slack off at the same time and they all work at the same time (though in wildly varying ways). So we know that Slack moves in a wave formation. CATCH that Big Wave . . . get in that curl and SLIDE!

Slack is like freedom, but unlike freedom it brings no responsibility. "'Bob' does not worry." (Philo's History) One thing we have in common with the evil Bozo cult is that we wish to be Not Responsible. One might suggest that a devoted alcoholic, a habitual half-gallon-a-day wino has ascended to this. But it isn't permanent; he may die for years. Among other things, Slack is absolutely "free" time, devoid of all stress, to do whatever you damn well please for "eternity." Without Drawbacks, Apologies, Side-Effects, Spoilage. Without Remorse.

We are probably better off without *total* Slack in its cosmic sense, which might require sheer DEATH. Perhaps all those 1950s movie scientists were right when they said, "There are some things Man was not meant to know." But they were talking about Atomic Monsters, not Slack. At any rate, for

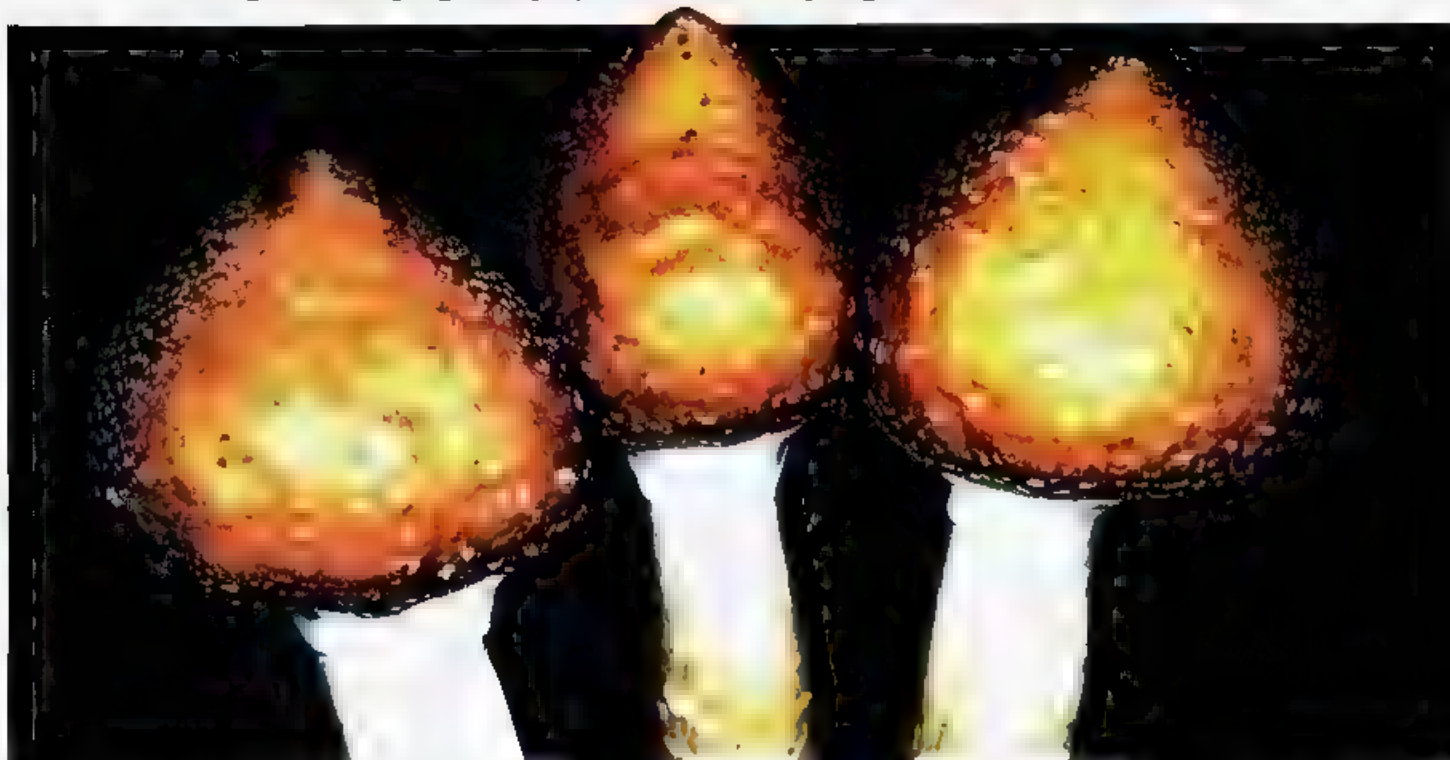
What's so bad about being one of Them? Nothing, if you already *are* one. *They* don't know what they're missing. *They* don't know we're all wading in pools of congealed unreality, they're asleep on their feet and take everything in their hallucination at *face value*. *They* aren't *tempted* by the glimpses and sniffs of Slack that are juggled momentarily before our eyes, only to be snatched away. Things that seem utterly bland to us work *Them* up into a froth

SUBLIMINAL HEADLINE HOOKS—YOUR BRAIN, THE BAIT??

Horrible, isn't it, that so many would-be PATRIOTS are so steeped in their own *personal paranoia* that they have lost all "sense" of *humor* and thus all *perspective*, that they have let FOUL PREACHERS change the PUNCHLINES of the GOOD JOKES of JESUS to look like SICK GUILT PARABLES??? "HOLY SHIT" I say, this CONSPIRACY business we're talking about is NO JOKE, we are not speaking in SYMBOLIC TERMS, the Conspiracy we talk about is a *real thing* that permeates ALL OF SOCIETY. It is a CREEPING TREND against YOU and ME that is BEING DELIBERATELY INSTIGATED by BODILESS HIGHER INTELLIGENCES in an overpopulated world that is RIPE AS HELL for TAKEOVER. ☐

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out to swarm around on the warm evening pavement and mix it up with whoever looked official. And what a scene it was. Some kids had been let out to stretch their legs and run around; lots of hippie ladies in Indian-print skirts and granny dresses were hanging out in little clusters, some of them with their babies, emanating the kind of vibes that one would think could have melted the heart of Genghis Khan.

Further down the road yet, another group of cops and hippies—mostly the loud, young dudes—were taking bets on whether this was indeed the last caravan vehicle or not. Another, and yet another kept appearing—to loud whoops and cheers.

Out of the crowd, all of a sudden, a face leapt out at me, with full, dizzying eye contact—*Sequoia!*—then was lost from view again. My heart had started to race. I had never imagined that she would be coming on this trip. The last time I had seen her talking to our teacher, on the dance floor of the Family Dog, she'd been wrecked on who knows how many hits of Orange Sunshine, and shrieking curses at him. He had taken it all compassionately and calmed her down by taking her out of the energy. Nevertheless, I had put a big distance between us then to make sure I wouldn't have to cop to, not only knowing her, but knowing her so well.

Emerging from one of the conversational clumps of ladies, Meryl and Melissa joined me then, recalling me to the here and now. They greeted me with affectionate eyes, but no bod contact. It was still much too soon for that.

Ironically enough, I figured that when and if the ice ever melted, it would probably be Melissa who would end up giving me some. Meryl—my obsessed, half-Jewish Hartford debutante turned beatnik—I wasn't even sure I knew her anymore. All that ever seemed to be on her mind now was her jealous resentment of Garrison and what seemed to have become her new and detestable role as his number-two lady. Melissa, on the other hand, logged a lot of time feeling threatened, and resenting Garrison for making her share what had for years been all hers.

"Where's Garrison?" the ladies asked.

"Back there, still rapping, I think." "You were supposed to stick with him, Eugene," said Melissa, starting to rev up an indignant tone.

Oh shit, I thought, I forgot.

"Here he comes now," Meryl said.

Garrison came running up to us, hollering, "Get in the bus! Everybody! We're taking off!"

"I don't know if we should even let you on the bus, Garrison," said Melissa, "after splitting on us like that without our agreement."

"Woman! There's no time for that. We're all taking off right now."

There was no chance for anyone to get into Garrison for always using the word *woman* in a way that conjured up resonances of the Salem Witch Trials. Up ahead, a mounting roar of engines firing up was rushing back toward us like the initial, consecutive crash of boxcar couplings.

"What? No search?" I asked.

"The first four buses were searched," he said, obviously having gotten the reliable word on what was happening. "They're taking us into town now."

"To search the rest of us there?"

"I don't know."

He was already in the driver's seat and cranking over our White's big flat-head-six. There was a thunder of other engines being fired up around us, and hundreds of headlights and taillights were blazing up. We were on the move, all right. Within seconds the bus in front of us was moving out, and we were on the highway again.

We were being escorted to Grants Pass, the county seat in that part of Oregon. Up ahead, a line of patrol cars and government vehicles led the way; there were a lot more behind us, but it was impossible to see how many. There we were, all four or five hundred of us in our exotic life-support systems on wheels, sandwiched in between two battalions of high-tech heat, with a couple of chase choppers overhead, and forced to push our tired old motors to the limit, to keep up with the general, massive onrush.

It must have been a pretty sight, this extended caravan, with extra added flashing lights in front and back. We were doing all of 50 as we blew through Cave Junction and Takulma—with an astral nod to our communal colleagues there, and their burgeoning little farms. The moon had risen, and the high, pointed silhouettes of Douglas fir capped the mountains on both sides of us. The screaming

sirens were too far up ahead and behind us to be much distraction from the moonlit beauty of the Oregon farmland. Riding shotgun up in the stepwell, smoking a roach with Garrison that he'd found in his pocket and digging the long line of red taillights snaking like a freight train through the forested hills, I have to say that, even under the circumstances, I enjoyed the ride.

Within an hour we were in Grants Pass. We waited there for another hour, parked in the dark, deserted middle of town, in the middle of the night, wondering what was happening... what was going to happen...

Then suddenly we were on the move again. More sirens, more flashers, more motorcycle cops—there was no getting out of line.

Out at the edge of town we got onto the interstate, but within minutes we were coming to another slow halt—at a rest stop just two miles north. As soon as all of us had come to a stop, parked along both sides of the "buses and trucks" lot, all but one of the escorting patrol cars pulled out then—leaving the one behind to keep any of us from following. Then he split too.

Unbelievable as it was, to our absolute consternation, they were actually pulling out without us. Twice today they'd had us in their grasp, then turned and split.

This must be what good karma feels like, I thought.

When there was no longer any doubt that they were gone and we had indeed been left there alone, it was impossible to contain it any longer. All of us came rushing out into the parking lot at once and came together in an outlandish mass of hugs and cheers.

But the teacher's bus, it was soon noted, was not there. Nor were the three others that had been searched back at the state line.

Before long, Luke and Lester, in the Sod-Roof Truck, arrived from town with news.

What the heat had finally done was arrest the driver of the first five bustable vehicles to hit the state line. And the first five caravan vehicles, in spite of everything that had been jettisoned, had all been eminently bustable. How could any of our vehicles not have been? There were without doubt seeds and stems and roaches in all the corners and carpet seams of every one of our vehicles, regardless of how much stash had been ditched.

Then they arrested the driver of each of those first five vehicles—the teacher's partner Gabriel, who just happened to be driving at the time, which meant the teacher himself had not been put in jail then, much to our relief; then the drivers from the three four-marriage buses right behind the teacher's bus—his *bodhi-mandala*, as they later came to be known—and last, to everybody's amazement and delight, the dude in the souped-up dune buggy, who nobody knew personally but who had run into us crossing the Golden Gate Bridge, and had been following us ever since.

What the intentions of the Oregon heat were now wasn't clear. As much as they may have come to prefer to just keep the confiscated dope and turn us loose, it was too big a thing to do that—it was already showing up in the national media, provoking a wry smile from David Brinkley. While they decided what to do with the folks in jail, it looked like we were up for an extended visit at this rest stop—or somewhere around... a state park, maybe... It was hard to say, what to do next. Taking a tour of the country like this obviously wasn't as simple as we had thought. Our guru was gone, for one thing—an unprecedented condition for us at that point. To figure out what was going on and what to do next, we would have to talk it out at length among ourselves, and get as smart and as capable as we could.

The first thing we did the next day was brew up a big peyote tea out of all the buttons that had been stashed in the shitters during the search. It was strong and foul-tasting, visionary sacrament that got some of us smarter and flipped out some others. I wasn't much into more than a swallow or two, for the buzz, since the ladies had kicked Garrison off the bus and I was responsible for the mechanical end until he got cool. (Something of a freak-out in itself for me, since I had just learned how to change the oil that summer.)

I started out that morning lying on the ground under the bus, trying to figure out how many zerts there were to grease. After awhile, with the peyote tea beginning to come on a bit, I realized what a perfect opportunity it was for a meditation. No longer under the watchful eye of my two fervent ladies, I was soon contentedly spacing out.

"Hey, man," whispered Seymour the Mendicant, kneeling over in order to meet my eyes under the bus. "Got a

joint stashed?"

"Are you kidding?" I said. "After what we've just been through?"

"Oh, there's lots of joints around," he insisted. "I've been picking up the scent all morning."

"I don't know of any," I said. "I got to do this grease gig here anyway. Didn't you have some of that tea?"

"Sure did," he said, with a big smile. "We've been sippin' since we got up this morning in our bus. Want to come over for a visit? Sequoia might have scored a number by now. She's got the connections if anybody does. There's still stashes all over, believe me."

"Of course," I said, crawling out into the light. "Lead the way." My heart was pounding again, but this was a piece of karma not to be missed.

Seymour was a funny kind of cat. He'd been some kind of hotshot, go-getting reporter for UPI for a few years, basking in the self-importance of always jetting around the world. Then he'd taken acid, and showed up at our class in San Francisco and fell in love with our teacher, like the rest of us. Ever since, he'd been known for his absolute poverty and the intensity of the desires he was always grappling with. Now he was crashing in the Stubby Bus, a half-length school bus built for the boondocks, but painted orange, red and gold at this point in time and manifested as living quarters for the trip by the Brewsley brothers (a brawny pair from the Free Land Ranch in Sonoma County) and Sequoia.

She was there, sitting full-lotus in the middle of the bed platform in the back of the bus and looking right at us as we came in. A mandalic web of purple lace hung directly behind her and in front of the back window, and the light glimmered in the places where her wild black hair moved in front of the lace.

"Hey, Sequoia," I said, thick-tongued.

"We meet again," she said.

Seymour, picking up on the vibe, said, "I can feel it getting heavier in here already. Would you like me to split?"

"Of course not, man," I said. "Did you score, Sequoia?"

"It just seems to come to me," she said, extracting a fat bomber from her bosom and lighting it on the end of an incense stick.

She held her eyes closed while she inhaled, then softly blew the smoke at both of us. "Savor it," she said. "Hold it in as long as you can. There isn't

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much of this around anymore."

She passed me the joint. The glowing gold velvet cemented to the interior walls of the bus and the intricate white lace of her dress were a startling contrast to her full, naturally red mouth and deep black eyes. As I stared at her, while taking the joint, I could feel the old visions coming on again—I found myself looking through the eyes of her earlier incarnations into the immortality of the Spirit that shone through them all. Maybe it was the peyote. But it was her magic too—always at work on my susceptible head.

She was notorious in the community for her independent, loose-living ways—tripping on acid with whoever was the juiciest guy around at the time... then sucking him dry, chewing him into pieces and spitting him out. At the public level, she'd made her mark by dancing naked at the Celestial Synapse and haranguing the gurus at the Holy Man Jam. It made not a bit of difference to me. I thought she was far out.

"It's good to see you again," I said, lamely, aware of being lame, and feeling my old decisions shaken, my strength of will shuddering.

"A mud-blower, really," she said, laughing her inimitable laugh, "to see you again too—so soon."

"I didn't think you were coming."

"I got a ride."

The Brewsley brothers were just her type, all right—big, muscular, numb-skulled country-commune wineheads. But there was something about me she liked, that was clear, and it made me like hanging around her, though I'd put the dreams of uniting with her behind me.

"I didn't think you were into this trip so much," I said. "You always struck me as being more of a free-lance sorceress. How come you came?"

Again, she laughed. "Even a free-lance sorceress digs this kind of energy," she said. "Even a luna moth digs the kerosene lamplight, like all the other bugs. I wouldn't have missed this trip for anything. What a *flash*—Splitville from the city! I am *still* rushing. It felt like we were making Aquarian-age history. Except—"

"Except—?"

"I can see where the trip is heading to. I can see a long way out into the probabilities, you know. And what I see I don't like so much. It's not where I want to be headed. Last night was just the beginning, as far as I can see. You're going to have to go through a lot

of changes to make it around the country this way—the kind of changes I don't especially feel like making. So I'm going back."

"Going back? Why? Where?" I said, feeling an urgent sense of loss that was totally cross-grained with the solemn resolutions of my higher self.

"Back to Sonoma County, I guess. Maybe Mendocino. I've been thinking of going to India. I mean, can you imagine me in Philadelphia? Where would I be at in Philadelphia? Where would it be at without *acid*?"

"That's where the juice is really at, isn't it?" I said.

Bringing all her attentive powers to bear, she looked intently at me—and through me. The acid queen herself.

"I got to do my thing, baby," she said.

She had shaped her lips around the end of the roach that was now clipped to some kind of green, translucent Egyptian *ankh*. She always came up with the most amazing roach clips—more of her minor magic. Her lips still shaped in an oval, she blew another plume of smoke at my face. I inhaled as much as I could—and just with that much, I could feel the consciousness level go up another notch.

"Where in the world did you find a joint of Panama Red, Sequoia? I can hardly believe it. How do you do it?"

"You know *me*, baby," she said, smiling her oh so seductive smile. "People like to give me their best. They like to turn me on. Because I *really* turn on." As if to prove her point, a rainbow-hued peacock-fan of ever-changing, infinitely receding faces—all hers, but each as different as grandmother from mother from daughter—spread out around her head like a solar corona of multiple incarnations. She was showing off her astral jewelry, and I loved it. And she knew it.

"Very nice," I said. "You're good at that."

"Jesus," Seymour mumbled.

"I don't think about it," she said. "I just stay high. It helps out to connect with somebody like you, too." (Tingles up my spine.) "But I couldn't do that if I wasn't taking acid."

"You really think acid's got to go?" I asked, but knowing she was right.

"I *know* it," she said. "You can't do this trip you're on, otherwise. Take acid and see for yourself. It'll tell it to you in lights."

Saying goodbye to both Sequoia and acid was something I didn't want to face right then.

"I'm going to go now, Sequoia," I said. "I have a lot of things to do." It was hard to say it, but I couldn't stay any longer. It was too heavy on my head.

She looked a little disturbed, like her manifestation hadn't gone quite according to plan, but no question about it, she knew what was happening. "Catch you on the rebound, Eugene," she said as I pulled open the bus door. She was back in her full lotus, with her eyes closed. "Take good care of your ladies."

Seymour walked out with me, but I felt his presence only as an annoyance, and he could feel me feeling that, so he took off for some likely source of dope.

I crawled back under our bus, hoping the ladies had no immediate need for me, and stared for a long while at the drive shaft. When I closed my eyes, I saw Sequoia. Open, drive shaft. Closed, Sequoia.

The last time I had seen her was at the end of that acid trip on Mount Tam. Totally unplanned, totally mind-blowing, as all our meetings seemed to be.

I'd decided to come down the mountain, after having the Eternal revealed to me on the knolltop. It was a long way down, and having worn my sneakers to useless shreds by that time, I took the opportunity to test my apostolic dedication by henceforth going barefoot—up to, including and beyond the sun-baked, scorching outcrops of blue-green serpentine there on the mountaintop. Bloody feet were no great concern, but on the contrary, mere testament to my faith. Still... I wasn't sure I could get it up to walk across hot coals. Even if my psychedelic guru told me to.

Coming down, I tried to look normal/invisible while navigating through one of those Marin County costume wedding parties that had gathered at Rock Springs. As I passed through, I was even complimented by one of the guests on my impersonation of a zoned-out hippie. But I felt too fucking biblical to laugh.

Still further, before I could even get to the highway, lugging my pack and sleeping bag, I felt compelled to enter into a conversation with a San Francisco couple out on a picnic. I made some remark about the incredible evolutionary pinnacle of technological luxury they were blithely perched on that allowed them to lounge about against the trunk of one of Mount Tam's greatest old live oaks,

savoring their fine wine and cheese. The dude, in retaliation, said that as far as he was concerned, he was in league with the devil—and turned into the devil when he said that. So I split.

Mind you, this was while I was still heavily radiating the 500 micrograms of those two hits of windowpane acid the hitchhiker had laid on me. At the Pan Toll junction I decided to hitch on down to Stinson Beach and take in the day's sunset by the ocean. The dude who picked me up in his gun-metal gray BMW was a commuter from Briones who ran a school of systems analysis in San Francisco and was into timing himself every day on how fast he could get back and forth between home and work. I held on and closed my eyes for the length of his careening trip around the hairpin curves through the forest—giant trunks of redwoods and Douglas fir looming up and hurtling past us—finally breaking out onto the mountainside above the Stinson Beach peninsula and Briones lagoon.

We came down into the fog bank that was pushing up against the flank of the mountain. The fog had enveloped the whole coastline by now. The swirling clouds that were groping their way up the canyons of bay laurel were rimmed with vibrations as purple as eucalyptus acorns in my acid haze. The beach, when it emerged, was a welcome roar of reality.

The dude had to slow down finally at the stop sign, and we cruised on to the Stinson crossroads, where he let me out, still reeling from the screaming 180-degree turns.

And there—I happened to notice—standing at the grocery-store corner, with several long-haired suitors hanging out around her, was Sequoia—resplendent in her patchwork-quilt hippie togs.

I could hardly believe it. But there she was—the woman I'd vibed with and exchanged all those heavy glances with for so long at so many Class meetings. The woman in the back room of the Guerneville Road organic food store who had taken 1,000 mikes just an hour before I walked in to turn on with the crew and sucked me into the dilated pupils of her eyes like I was a waterbug in a whirlpool. She was a master of eye contact—and from across the road I could see she knew it was me, even as she rapped, and was letting me know with her formidable powers of telepathy that she was really *glad*.

As for myself, thunderstruck, I stood there with my heart beating

so hard I didn't know how my body could contain it. Letting my pack drop to the ground, I had to sit down on the bus-stop bench just to catch my breath. *Oh no, I was thinking, Oh Universe, you have really done me up righteous this time.*

At times on trips it would feel like I was playing some kind of chess game with the Universe, in the attempt to make my karma eventually come out all right, and the Universe would let me know where it was at and who was really in command with some kind of masterful check.

This was one of those times. Coming down from the sunlit clarity of the mountaintop to the foggy shoreline and finding Sequoia there was like moving directly from empyrean reunion with Moses and Elijah to the last temptation of Christ.

As if sustained there only by her will, the guys around Sequoia dispersed at the first withdrawal of her attention. She came walking across the road and sat down beside me on the bench. "Hi," she said. "Are you enlightened yet?"

"Workin' on it," I managed to say.

"Far out to see you here. . . Wow, are you *ripped*. I could feel you from across the road. But I had a feeling today would be special. What's happening? Did they kick you off the bus?"

"Yeah. Weeks ago."

"That's right. I didn't see you at the last couple of classes." She started to laugh, quietly, shaking her head. "What a number. . . what a trip.

Do they seriously expect this kind of treatment to enlighten you? Do you?"

"I felt like I was enlightened just a little while ago," I said. "Was it a little while? It feels like it. Maybe I'm enlightened still. Who can say?"

The entire manifestation seemed to be dissolving into contradictory probabilities. I decided to shut up, and sat there, dumb, looking deeply into her wondrous eyes and taking note of the messages moving through my brain like the latest news bulletins—SOUL MATE, TANTRIC YOGA, PURE WHITE LIGHT, ORGASMIC FLASH, RESINOUS BUDS, LAID BACK IN THE LILACS .

"What are you trying to tell me," I said.

"I don't have to tell you," she said.

"No. You don't."

"Because you already know."

"You're right."

The fog was getting heavier—surely by now spilling over Mount Tam into Mill Valley. It was getting late in the

day. The gusts of fog blowing across the Stinson crossroads were damp and cold. I started to shudder, and got up to walk across the road and put my thumb out again.

"How about your pack and your sleeping bag?" said Sequoia, bringing them over to me.

"Oh yeah," I said, feeling totally spaced. "I need to keep going."

"You'll end up sleeping in the bushes or on the beach. You'll wake up soaking wet, whichever. Do you want to crash at my house tonight?"

"This is where your house is?"

"For now."

"Where?"

"Come on. I'll show you."

The big foghorn off the Marin headlands had begun to intone its monotonous blast. It was getting ever more perceptibly darker and wetter, but there was no joy for me in seeing the yellow lights of her cottage emerge from the fog, behind a trellis of climbing lilacs and nasturtiums. I stopped at the front gate, longing to go in but knowing that I wasn't.

"Let's go in," she said, waiting for me to open the gate.

"I can't," I said.

She paused for a second to grasp the situation. "They've really got your head, don't they?" she said, so compassionately that I loved her more than I had loved her yet.

"I'm giving it to them," I said. "I'm on for the cruise."

"Give me your head tonight," she said. "I have two Orange Sunshines we could take—"

"You have to understand," I said, treading water hard to stay out of the whirlpool, "we got married last spring. All four of us. We all took mescaline up in the hills, and there were sun-dogs in the sky that day, and it felt like we were blessed by the Holy Spirit."

"There are no husbands and wives in the Kingdom of Heaven," she said.

"Not on the spiritual plane," I said. "I know. We're all one. But here in this dirt and stuff we're living in, you miss out on the Kingdom of Heaven if you can't tell yourself 'No.' There's too many babies popping out all the time on the material plane for all those bods to be together and one thing the way their souls are."

"You're really out of the old school, aren't you," she said, the tone of her voice changing. "Do you realize what you'd be doing by walking out of here now? After this unbelievable karma of ours brought us together again like this?"

"It's hard all right."

She fixed me with a withering stare. "I'm beginning to think you're really a dumb fuck, you know that? There's a whole part of you that you're keeping buried, because you're afraid of the implications. What you really want to do is stay here with me tonight, but that would mean cutting loose of too much. You're just afraid. You think you're so *holy*, but you're just *afraid*."

"Don't get pissed," I said. "It doesn't do any good."

"You're right," she said, closing her eyes and standing there, just breathing, regaining her balance. I really loved her for the way she could cop to the truth in a microsecond like that. I really loved her.

"Goodbye," I said, feeling my eyes getting wet and wanting to get away. I cinched up the straps on my pack and started to walk.

"Wait a minute," she said, coming up to me in the fog, its condensed droplets translucent and sparkling on her hair and skin. We held each other tight, and kissed, giving in to the attractive embrace of two magnetic fields—and I broke loose.

"Don't go crazy now," she called after me through the fog.

Am I, already? I thought, as I walked

out of town toward the lagoon. Sometimes, I had to admit, it felt like I was downright insane and doing a superb job of covering it up.

But, no, this time I knew I had made the right decision. Commitments made on heavy psychedelics were not to be trifled with—even by acid queens.

It was cold, and the road was dark and silent in the night fog. I climbed over a fence and walked around an old Victorian house to a gentle hillside in back and found a place concealed by some bushes to throw down my pack, where it didn't seem too wet.

I laid there for a while, shivering in my damp mummy bag, the smell of lilacs still in my nostrils, with the foghorns persistently announcing the Buddha mind to my racing head. I could already feel the resurgence of energy that I knew would come with the knowledge that I had made a contract with myself and kept it.

The next day, feeling totally on top of it, like I couldn't be any cooler, I headed for Half Moon Bay, to get reconciled with my family, and back on the bus.

But for a while, even on the bus, when I closed my eyes, I saw Sequoia.

She left the rest stop the next day, hitchhiking to San Francisco. The Brewsleys had decided to stay on and keep truckin' in the Stubby Bus. Seymour moved in and took her place. There was hardly any dope left on their bus—which was pretty much the same situation with everybody by now, except for the weak peyote tea still simmering on some propane stoves.

And except for the easily concealable acid still left here and there in surreptitious corners. Word had come back from the contingent in Grants Pass that if there was any dope left in any vehicle—*especially acid*—it was time to dump it. It was the only way. The agreement had been made.

There was no getting around this straightforward directive. Seymour, it turned out, had one of those million-microgram vials of liquid essence of LSD—clearly one of his few but most-prized possessions. Along with a few other reluctant but dedicated folks, and with the eyes-closed gut determination of the ego condemned to die, he poured out his micro-treasure into the rest-stop water fountain. (Thereby holding onto his ego, it was revealed to him later, in finding it too painful

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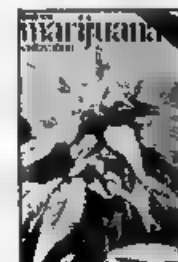
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BUKOWSKI

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"No."

I reached down and helped her up. She was a bit crazed. She was very close to me. She looked at me

"Don't kill him, please don't kill him. I love him!"

"It's going to be all right," I told her, "Please don't worry."

"Hey! What's with you?" asked Robert. "I'm going to fuck this bitch!"

"No," I said, "it's not right"

"Do you think anything we're doing is right? Why do you keep drawing lines?"

He gave me a hard push and then grabbed the girl, pushing her toward some brush.

"No, no, no! Please!" she said

"Shut up," said Robert.

Then she must have attacked him, done something against him. He retaliated. She screamed and he dragged her to the brush. I walked back to the car, got the pint and had the last hit. Then I walked over and looked at the guy. I bent over him. He looked asleep. I could see him breathing. He wasn't dead. Fine. He could still be a corporate lawyer. Then I walked over to their car, opened the door, got in. There was a bag on the floor. I looked in there. It was a bottle of expensive wine, only a bit of it gone. My life was renewed. I went back to Robert's car, leaned against it and sucked at the wine.

After a while Robert came along. He stood there looking at me.

"It was great," he said, "she loved it I fucked her, then I made her suck me off, then I sodomized her. She loved it."

"I'll bet."

"Yeah, she did—"

"Let's get out of here—"

"She's waiting for you, Hank. She wants more."

"Cut the crap. You haven't killed her, have you?"

"No, she's just laying out there waiting for more, her legs spread."

"Let's go."

The big kid was still stretched out. We got into Robert's car and started back toward town. Everything was still quiet and dark, except for the gentle hum of the motor. It might have been as if nothing had happened. The trees acted as if everything were the same, and the asphalt road acted as if nothing had ever happened—only the moon seemed to know—and there was a covering over Robert now, like a slime, it climbed all over him, into his eyes, his

ears, his mouth; it was under his armpits, it was between his toes, it seeped and crawled him and it had nothing to do with morals, with right or wrong; it was something else, something very ugly and unexplainable covered him.

"See you found a bottle," he said.

"Yeah I got lucky"

"Even if you didn't have the guts to fuck that bitch you shoulda jacked-off over her body"

"Yeah, I guess I missed my chance."

We were getting back into town, into the poor section. Robert reached somewhere and then tossed a stack of bills into my lap.

"Your half. That kid was loaded."

"Thanks, you're very honest."

"Got to be. We got a good thing going."

I gave him my address. Like a good thug, he knew the city, he got me right there. We pulled in front of the rooming house. The whole neighborhood had been asleep for at least five hours.

"Listen," he said, "the night's not over. I'd like you to meet my mom."

"I'm sure she's great, Robert, but I just want to go in and get some rest."

I got on out. Then Robert was off in his car

I got the key out, opened the front door, then walked up the stairway and at the first turn I saw the framed painting of Jesus. He looked pained, like a young guy whose girl had just left him to run off with the dope dealer.

I got into my room, pissed in the sink, got out of my clothes except for the undershirt, got into the unmade bed with all that money and my wine bottle. I had never seen that much money. I bunched the pillow up and sat there in the dark sucking on the wine bottle.

Things went by, things went by fast, things went by so fast that they never took form.

A mouse came out, it clambered up the hot plate, then ran up the handle of my coffeepot, hung there halfway on the handle and looked at me. I could see it in the lightning dark, the lightning dark. It looked at me and I looked at the mouse and it didn't like me there in it's room. Then, in a flick, it was gone.

I was alone again, I always felt better being alone. When you're alone, the only problem is yourself. It's nicer that way. You stay out of trouble. I was really a nice guy. I knew that.

I finished off the wine bottle, threw it to the floor, unbunched the pillow, rolled on my belly and, ass-up to the demented ceiling, I slept. □

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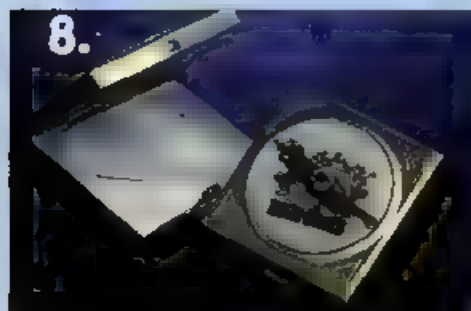
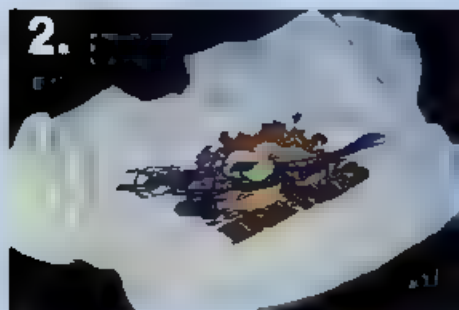
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/ continued from page 27

quarter-mile away. "We're going to be spraying paraquat in the woods over there in fifteen minutes," they said, pointing over toward the rear end of Chimney Mountain. "It's your choice whether to stay or leave."

"Actually, it was very educational," Kathy Bennett can wisecrack now. "Now my daughter can imitate a helicopter perfectly, spinning around with her arms spread, saying, 'Paraquat, paraquat, paraquat.'"

A Nice Windy Day

Another household to whom the DEA agents gave 15 minutes' herbicide notice was the extensive Cantrell family. The Cantrell farm, where the family has subsisted for generations on their own vegetables and livestock, is just two ridges downslope from where the pot was growing; but still the feds needed help from the Cantrells to find the stuff.

Roger Cantrell, 22, had been doing some carpentry in the yard that Wednesday when a Forest Service helicopter settled down in a pasture some ways off. Intrigued, Roger walked over and struck up a conversation with a disoriented forest ranger. The ranger had a detailed map of the immediate vicinity, with the location of the pot patch pinpointed on it. It was easy enough to sight it from above, the ranger said, but damned if anyone could seem to locate it on foot, over all those hills and hollows up by Chimney Mountain.

"I've lived here all my life," Roger volunteered. In fact, he knows the woods thereabouts like the inside of his own mouth; within a half-hour after studying the map himself, young Cantrell had led the forest ranger to the designated site.

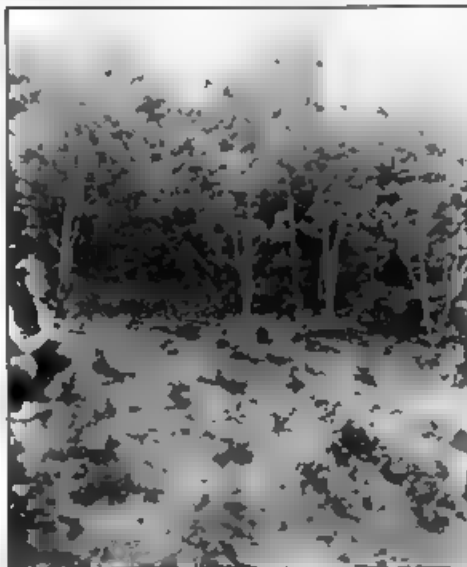
"They were about waist-high, most of them," Roger recalls of the 60-some pot plants they found growing in a little hollow about a half-mile up in the hills from the farm. "Some of them were real small, though, the ones growing in little white planter pots. Somebody'd rigged up a little plywood hothouse for the seedlings, just two-by-four laths with chicken-wire screens over them." No, young Cantrell couldn't rightly tell *HIGH TIMES* whether it was a mixed crop or sinsemilla, it appears he'd never heard the word "sinsemilla" before we said it to him.

"The forest ranger took out his walkie-talkie and called their headquarters out-post to notify them he'd found the stuff," Cantrell goes on. "He got pretty excited. He wanted to start pulling the stuff up right away, but they said no. They told him to just leave it and get out of there. They said, 'We have some people from Washington who want to come down and look at it.'"

So Roger Cantrell went back to finish his carpentry. And two days later "a whole big bunch of law-enforcement helicopters" rumbled overhead and dropped a whole big load of paraquat right next to the spring that feeds the well that supplies the extensive Cantrell family with drinking water. Cantrell's dad, Benjy, watched the entire action from his front porch, he says in the affidavit the Cantrell family has filed with the COPS lawsuit.

Paraquat has a half-life of 14 days in water. And of all known herbicides, paraquat is the single most susceptible to drifting away from the spray site on the wind.

The wind was clocked at a good stiff 17 knots in North Georgia that Friday in August. "It was the windiest day we've had all summer," Cudy Dennis told reporters the next day. "It blew into the creek, onto our livestock, our corn and our hay crops. I'm not too pleased about it." Within a week, over 20 local farmers around Chim-



"LIVED HERE ALL MY LIFE"

Roger Cantrell inspects the paraquat blight site, 274 yards from the spring that feeds his family's well

ney Mountain filed affidavits with COPS, detailing specific evidences of paraquat impact on crops, livestock, honeybees and water sources.

For two days after the spraying, DEA agents blocked off all access to the Chimney Mountain blight site. In doing so they followed the law after breaking it with the aerial spraying—by preventing access to the marijuana until the paraquat had thoroughly killed it. They also, coincidentally, had nearly 72 hours to do their own environmental-impact assessment of the spray site, before any independent party could get there and look at it.

Cleveland *Telegraph* photographer Skip French was about the first person to get a good look. Of the weed patch, only the crushed-up planter pots, some broken two-by-fours and crumpled chicken wire remained; the feds had uprooted and burnt whatever was left of the paraquat-

ted marijuana. "There's a stretch of about a hundred by three hundred feet of general defoliation," French told *HIGH TIMES*. "It's mainly a poplar grove, and all the leaves are still desiccating slowly."

Paraquat has a half-life of three weeks on the surface of tree leaves. Poplar leaves are eaten by deer, and paraquat poisons deer just as it poisons people. Roger Cantrell tells *HIGH TIMES* that the deer hunting is usually pretty good in autumn around White County. "Lots of deer up here," says Roger.

Georgia Governor Lies

Now it was time for the governor of Georgia, Joe Frank Harris, to begin lying. He had only known about the forthcoming paraquat blitz, he told the press through his Atlanta aide Barbara Morgan, barely 72 hours beforehand. On Wednesday that week—the day the forest ranger radioed in his discovery up by Chimney Mountain—the White House had placed a "courtesy call" to Governor Harris. Dr. Carleton Turner had advised Harris that the feds were going to commence their healthful paraquat program in North Georgia on Friday, Barbara Morgan told the media, more or less whether Harris liked it or not.

Of course, Harris personally was "a hundred percent supportive of this activity," Morgan guaranteed *HIGH TIMES*. "We do have a war on drugs," Harris was reminding reporters the day after the spraying. "When you have a war, sometimes you have to get tough." Asked by reporters if that paraquat might not make some people sick, Harris responded: "We don't have any responsibility to those people. They're doing something illegal."

Within minutes after he'd said that, Harris's quote was telexed upstate to an Atlanta *Constitution* reporter covering a town meeting in the Nacoochee Presbyterian Church. Asked what he thought about Harris's attitude, the Reverend Brinegar thundered: "He is responsible for us and our families!" Brinegar has a whole flock of kids of his own.

The next day, in reaction to Judge Moyes's antiparaquat injunction, a prestigious collection of hars assembled in the capitol rotunda in Atlanta, and stood behind a bountiful table piled up with Georgia watermelons, green peppers and tomatoes, to have their pictures taken. Paraquat is routinely "used" on all these edible agricultural commodities, they bed, and nobody ever gets sick from it. "There's no harm in paraquat like has been ballooned up by the media," attested state representative Henry Reaves (D-Quitman). Reaves, who is actually chairman of the state Agriculture and Consumer Affairs Committee, also said: "If you drink a gallon or two of paraquat, sure it will kill you, same as bourbon." (Unlike bourbon, however, the guaranteed lethal dose of paraquat is a quarter-

ounce; and a single billionth of a gram of paraquat is sufficient to cause measurable tissue damage in test animals.) Sen. Wayne Garner (D-Carrollton) said Governor Harris had made a brave and wise decision, as did Rep. Perry Coleman (D-Eastman) and Dick Hand, Atlanta's police chief.

The media did not know, and were never told by these hars, that paraquat is never, ever sprayed on these edible agricultural commodities, because it would blight and poison them. It's strictly used before planting, to clear the seedbed of weeds and every other living thing.

Atlanta DEA mouthpiece Chuck Crane also got off some seven-league string-burners right after the spraying. The spraying was done deep back in a federal wilderness area, for goodness sake, he kept clarifying scornfully. (The blight site was exactly 75 feet from the boundary line of property owned by a family named Adams.) They bothered to uproot and burn the poisoned plants "only because of the public hysteria which has been created, mostly by the electronic media up there. We were afraid some kids might get in there." (And get sick from the marijuana, implicitly, not the cleansing paraquat.) He wisecracked that it was a good thing Judge Moyes had only enjoined the spraying of paraquat on federal land. "The good farmers of Georgia would be rather upset if you denied them the right and privilege they have been using consistently with no public outcry or uproar." Hell, it's used on watermelons and soybeans and tomatoes all the time, isn't it? It's harmless. Probably good for you.

Up in White County, the Reverend Brinegar remarked: "I invite anyone who doubts the damaging effects of paraquat to come up here and camp out downstream and downwind of the spraying." He was serious with this invitation. The federal government's paraquat had blighted the summer tourist trade as fatally as it had blighted all those pot plants.

The blight site had been at the very wellsprings of McClure Creek, which ambles five miles south to join the Chattahoochee River in Unicoi State Park, which had been full of thousands of hikers and campers and fishers and bathers that Friday. There was a run on bottled water in Helen that day, recalls Lanier Chambers, by panicked tourists who were checking out of their cute little Alpine-style motels and heading home. One family from Milledgeville made the wire services when they developed acute viral enteritis on the way home from Unicoi, absolutely panicked, they sought examinations for paraquat poisoning from the State Environmental Protection Division chief, Leonard Ledbetter, who had been a highly vocal supporter of paraquat up to this point. After he saw the terror in these people—the wife was seven months' pregnant—Ledbetter promptly became an

equally vocal opponent of the project.

People all over Georgia were calling doctors everywhere to ask about paraquat toxicity that week. One excellent local medical source, which could have instantly quelled the "hysteria" by publicly telling the truth, was the Atlanta Centers for Disease Control. Unfortunately, the CDC have to abide by any executive orders they receive from whomever happens to dwell in the White House in any given season; and the CDC had strict instructions all that month, and well into the next month, to instantly refer all calls about paraquat to Carleton Turner's office in the White House. If a greenhouse gardener had swallowed a little paraquat by accident all that month, and called any branch of the federal Public Health Service for assistance, he or she wound up being lied to by Patrick McKelvey on loan from the NYPD.

"The DEA wanted a big media production, a great big media production,"



Gov. Joe Frank Harris

Barbara Morgan rather vengefully told HIGH TIMES. "Well, they got one. They certainly got one, all right." It could possibly have been the only syllable of truth that woman uttered to the media all the second half of last summer.

Five EPA Violations?

Because Joe Frank Harris had had a hell of a lot more than 72 hours' notice before the spraying started, he had to own up to that before the first week ran out after the White County spraying. The White House and the DEA went all over the media that week, crowing about how "successful" the paraquat mission had been. It had been so almighty "successful," they said, that they were going to commence to paraquat Tennessee, North Carolina and Kentucky, *tout de suite*. That's when the governors of Tennessee and North Carolina revealed that the feds had been around to them two weeks prior to the Georgia spraying, and been told they could just take and eat their damned

paraquat. Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander noted "public objections in Tennessee to things chemical," and North Carolina attorney general Rufus Edmisten said his constituents felt the same way. Both guaranteed Carleton Turner that if the DEA would only give them the specific location of any pot they might see growing in their states, then their state troopers and county mounties would be delighted to go out and yank 'em up and burn them.

So Joe Frank Harris presently had to 'fess up: he'd had a fortnight's fair warning, and he'd embraced this poisoning project surreptitiously, and denied his constituents any fair warning of it, and then cooked up this 72-hour-warning flim-flam, and got caught lying and had to 'fess up. "In the future we will work with our environmental people and bring in the Georgia Conservancy. We will probably do a better job on our part in letting them be aware before the action takes place. You learn from experience."

Actually, the governor really ought to have recognized that disaster was inevitable when, on the Thursday the spray project was first announced, Rep. Elliott Levittas (D-fourth district, Ga.) promptly denounced it. "If you're talking about spraying in a national forest, there are people who hike and camp in there at this time of year, and to spray paraquat without telling them is unforgivable." Levittas knew they were going to spray near Unicoi, and knew that Unicoi was full of tourists. Being a national politician, Levittas was also acutely aware of the prevailing public horror of things like dioxin, Agent Orange, rad waste and industrial poisons in general. And when he heard that the DEA was contracting with a company called Evergreen Helicopters to do their spraying, Levittas knew perfectly well that disaster was inevitable.

To be sure, one of the witnesses in the COPS case, on the very day of the spraying, reported something that puts Evergreen in a rather swell light. The pilot of that Evergreen helicopter, on the ground where it loaded the tank in Gainesville, was overheard to tell his DEA employers that he thought it was too windy that Friday to spray any paraquat; and the DEA thugs were heard to order him up in the air with his poison tanks anyhow. "The DEA wanted a big media production," Barbara Morgan hissed, later on.

So over the pilot's objections, that Evergreen helicopter lifted up out of Gainesville with its big fat tank of paraquat lashed between its skids. "They'd marked the patch out with two red guidance balloons," recalls Commissioner Chambers. "They went looking for these balloons, and they got lost. They went over fifty miles out of their way, over toward Blairsville, right over the house of Congressman Ed Jenkins's mother. If there'd been a couple little kids with red balloons walking alongside each other,

they would've been in for a surprise. But finally they located the spot and sprayed it. And something happened to the pump on the tank, and they had to set it down on state highway 365, a couple miles up from Robertstown. They blocked the road off for three hours and dumped the tank out. People could see men in white moon suits hosing down the road with something or other. They just left a big wet patch on the road and took off."

Par for the course for Evergreen Helicopters, really. Evergreen is a great big multinational corporation with its base in Oregon, and a subsidiary in College Park, Georgia, which is where that helicopter came from. In the past Evergreen has performed such savory missions as buying up the Central Intelligence Agency's "private" airlines when they had to divest them, and flying the ailing shah of Iran around the United States and Mexico. Since 1979 they have also somehow managed to win no less than four EPA citations—under Reagan's EPA! for careless herbicide spraying. Doing roadside spraying of 2,4-D in Moundville, Alabama, last year, they managed to get a whole neighborhood to come down with nausea, vomiting and skin rashes—chloracne—and a seven-year-old kid there named Randall Cephus died a week after they dusted his block. Alabama agricultural director John Block "did everything short of revoking the company's license," he says, and the bidding in the pending lawsuit starts at \$140 million.

"We have no knowledge of past or present legal actions involving Evergreen," Ted Swift of the DEA's Washington office told the *Constitution* when they asked him why they'd hired this particular firm to poison Georgia greenery. "You probably know more about them than we do." Since Evergreen is currently defending itself against the COPS lawsuit—as well as the Moundville suit and God knows how many others—they cannot comment publicly on any of this. They can't even say whether their pilot really did tell the DEA it was too damn windy that Friday to spray any paraquat.

According to the United States Department of Commerce, the wind at the Atlanta airport—60 miles down out of the even windier hills—was clocked at 15 miles per hour at one o'clock that day, an hour before the spraying. By three o'clock, an hour afterward, it had increased to 17 mph.

Drug Czar Lies and Lies and Lies

And for the whole next week, Dr. Carleton Turner was all over the national media, smearing those people in White County "Carleton Turner got on the television and said we were all a bunch of moonshiners turned pot farmers," recalls Lamer Chambers. "I would like the chance to take a hickory switch to Carleton Turner. That man needs a good licking. I can't understand why Ronald Reagan keeps people around him like that, who do nothing

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but hurt him. I do believe there's something wrong with Carleton Turner's head."

"We were just so shocked and so hurt," says Kathy Bennett. "The White House said that! How do you possibly respond to it? It's like answering the question, 'When did you stop beating your wife?'"

On Sunday the Reverend Jerry Brinegar gave a good long blood-and-thunder sermon in the Nacoochee Presbyterian Church. His text for it came out of the tenth chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes:

"If the spirit of the ruler rise up against thee, leave not thy place; for yielding pacifieth great offences. There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, as an error which proceedeth from the ruler: Folly is set in great dignity, and the rich sit in low place."

The two biggest fools in the highest places, as far as this paraquat business is concerned, are Frank Monastero, the DEA's operations chief, and Dominic DiCarlo, the Reagan hack who presides over the State Department's Bureau of International Narcotics Affairs. It was these two thugs who set the whole business up as a "message to Colombia," as they have openly admitted. It was all for the sake of the videotapes of the spraying, which were shipped straight to Bogota de Santa Fe, where the entire House of Representatives Select Committee on Narcotics happened to be junketing all that week. The spraying was viewed by Colombian president Belisario Betancur, and he was urged to begin carpet-spraying all of Santa Marta Department, because Ronald Reagan had sprayed a couple patches in Georgia and Kentucky.

At this writing, Betancur still has the paraquat proposal under advisement.

One of the relatively minor fools associated with this affair was Patrick McKelvey, who is still in the White House at this writing, in mid September, lying about paraquat. The man pretty obviously has strict orders never to tell the truth about anything at all. There is no better way under the sun to turn off media interest in an event like this than to put forth an official source who rigorously and remorselessly lies to reporters. They just get disgusted and go away, and eventually everybody forgets about the whole incident. To demonstrate, here's a typical conversation between HIGH TIMES and Pat McKelvey:

"Now, Mr. McKelvey, you and the DEA have repeatedly told the media, since the paraquat spraying last month, that paraquat-contaminated marijuana would not present a public health hazard because over ninety-eight percent of it's burnt off in the joint."

"Ninety-nine point nine percent, to be exact."

"Right. That was determined in 1978 at NIDA. You're familiar with this paper published last July in the *American Journal of Public Health* by Dr. Philip Landrigan, the NIOSH hazard-evaluation direc-



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tor in Cincinnati. You know that paper?"

"I know it."

"Well, Landrigan says it's been determined that all that paraquat is converted by heat into a compound which is itself a pulmonary toxin. You've read that, right?"

"I've heard about it."

"And you still tell people that paraquat-tainted pot would be harmless?"

"Well, if you're a heavy smoker, and you smoke a lot of the stuff, there might possibly be a little damage. Only 99.8 percent of it is burned off."

"Yeah, I just told you. It's converted into a combustion product called 4-4'-dipyridyl, which is itself as toxic as paraquat. Understand?"

"What's this stuff again?"

"Four-4' dipyridyl. It's a pulmonary toxin, same as paraquat."

"Are you a chemist?"

"No. But these people are chemists and doctors working for the government, and this is what they say. I'd like to talk to them about it, but there's a gag order on the whole PHS, and none of them can talk about it. They say I have to talk to you about it. That's why I'm calling."

"Well, there wouldn't be any trouble with paraquat at all, because the DEA always cleans it up after the spraying. And you know that."

"Sure I know that. And I know they're not going to do that in South America. But what I'm asking you is whether you know this determination the CDC made in 1982, that the burn-off product from paraquat is as toxic as paraquat itself."

"In 1982? This is work that was done after 1978?"

"Right. Just last year. But you're still telling the media that paraquat pot would be harmless?"

"We're not saying any marijuana's harmless."

"Right. Okay. You knew about this paper before the spraying, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And ever since the spraying, you've been telling the press that paraquat marijuana wouldn't be especially toxic because 99.8 percent of it is burnt off in the joint. Correct?"

"Yes."

"But you knew about this paper before then. Did you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, you might read it some time. Thank you. Goodbye."

If there is any decency whatsoever in Washington, Patrick McKelvey will be answering questions like that under sworn oath, in front of a congressional investigation committee, by the time this article sees print. Pat McKelvey, Carleton Turner, Frank Monastero, Dominic DiCarlo: every damned one of them deserves subpoenas and prison time because of this. They made those people in Georgia sick with terror, and they probably made them sick with paraquat too. **NT**

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

THE DARK DAYS OF ED LEBLANC

A young man's struggle with cancer, bad luck and The Law. by Bob LaBrasca

BEAUMONT, TEXAS

EDWARD LEE LEBLANC STOOD BEFORE the bench on January 12 to be sentenced on two misdemeanor counts of marijuana possession. The bargain had been set: In exchange for a no-contest plea, the prosecutors had agreed to settle for a sentence of six months of "deferred" probation and a \$750 fine. County court-at-law judge Tom Maness was willing to accept a bargain so amiable struck by both parties, but he wasn't quite satisfied. He wanted to know why the D.A.'s men were being soft on this twice-busted 18-year-old, who was obviously flouting the community standards of war-on-drugs Texas. After all, the charges had already been reduced from felony-possession counts, and the prosecutors hadn't even asked for the maximum misdemeanor penalties. So he asked point-blank why LeBlanc was getting kid-gloves treatment.

This was too much for Ed's mother, Ann LeBlanc, who had been sitting quietly through the proceeding. She stepped up beside her son and pulled a wig from his head, exposing his hairless scalp, then placed a letter from a Houston physician before Judge Maness. The letter affirmed that Ed was undergoing cancer chemotherapy—the cause of his baldness—and that marijuana had been recommended as a means of offsetting the nausea caused by the medications employed.

(Oddly, according to Houston attorney Ed Mallett who is now representing LeBlanc, the lawyer appearing in his defense that day was unaware of his cancer and course of treatment. The man LeBlanc had hired to be his advocate had been unable to make the appearance, and had sent an associate in his stead. But he had neglected to inform the associate of these extremely relevant elements of the case.)

Maness was sympathetic, but he was also on the horns of a contradiction.

"What we have," he said, "is a case that places the law right up against a medically authorized treatment." But he agreed to the plea bargain. LeBlanc's record would be expunged if he did not violate the law or the conditions of his probation for the next six months.

But, as luck would have it, LeBlanc found himself in irons only two months later. He happened to be playing poker at the home of a friend when narcs executed a search warrant aimed at the friend. On the card table the cops found a stash box containing not only pot and hashish, but methamphetamine as well. So LeBlanc was indicted by a grand jury for felony possession of a drug no one has ever recommended for use in cancer treatment—a charge that could fetch as much as 20 years in the Texas pen.

When the amphetamine bust came down, Ed Mallett, an active member of the NORML Legal Committee, agreed to represent LeBlanc on a *pro bono* basis. LeBlanc had never been in trouble with the law before discovering, last year, that he was suffering from cancer, Mallett points out, and his run-ins with the authorities may simply have resulted from the emotional trauma that came with that knowledge.

For Mallett, the defense of LeBlanc has been something of a Gordian knot: The amphetamine charge could force immediate revocation of his probation on the pot charges, and the record of conviction on the pot charges could easily bring a lengthy sentence on the amphetamine charges, when that case is ultimately resolved.

"If we didn't have these little dope charges," Mallett explained, "the meth charge, standing alone, is worth maybe five years' probation—three years probation with supervision and some kind of fine; it's not that heavy a case. The heavy part is that he was twice arrested, given probation and told: 'Don't mess with dope, or people that mess with dope,' and here he is in the guy's house, and they've got a warrant, and

the dope is on the table in front of him."

Mallett's strategy has been to try to rewind the legal process and start over. If he could force a retrial on the marijuana charges, he believed LeBlanc could be exonerated on the basis of "medical necessity"; and with an acquittal in the pot cases, there would be almost no possibility of a jail term ever arising from the speed case. So, in a tactic he now concedes was brash, Mallett filed for habeas corpus relief, arguing that since (a) the Texas Code of Criminal Procedure provides for sentences of probation with deferred adjudication on a *nolo contendere* plea only after "hearing the evidence and finding that it substantiates the defendant's guilt," and (b) evidence was never presented against LeBlanc, the order placing him on probation was void.

The only trouble with this strategy was that all sentences of probation with deferred adjudication in Jefferson County for the past three years had likewise been rendered without the hearing of evidence. If the trial judge hearing Mallett's argument had decided in LeBlanc's favor, 3,000 probationers would have become eligible for discharge from probation as well. So, on August 29, as other lawyers began filing papers similar to Mallett's on behalf of their clients, the judge found against LeBlanc, opining that the language of the Texas code was "surplus," and that the issue perhaps ought to be decided by an appellate court.

At this writing, Mallett and his associates have gone back to the drawing board in search of a new tactic to prevent the revocation of LeBlanc's probation while they prepare the appeal.

Meanwhile, poor Ed LeBlanc prays that somehow it will all be untangled to his benefit, for he hasn't harmed a hair on any of God's creatures and faces up to 20 years in prison—all because lawmakers have not yet seen fit to make medical marijuana readily available to those who genuinely need it.

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to pour it on the ground.)

Next morning, unannounced and blowing minds right and left, the teacher's bus, gleaming white in the sun, and closely followed by the other three great buses and the Dune Buggy, came cruising into the rest stop in close formation, like heroes returned from the wars.

They were released. The judge in Grants Pass, apparently embarrassed by the whole affair, had found a way to let things cool out for a while by agreeing to put off a pretrial hearing until we had taken our tour around the country. The five arrested drivers would then have to come back — which meant we would all have to come back, in the spring. There was no need to be reminded that how well we kept it together on this trip would have tremendous bearing on how we would end up doing later in court. Like Sequoia predicted, getting rid of the dope was just the first step in the transformation of our consciousness. And the beginning of spiritual boot camp.

The word now was "Stow and go!" It took less than an hour for us all to throw it together, pack it up and move out. I got into the driver's seat for the first time in months, as we lined up just past the rest stop on the shoulder of the interstate. My vision was still blurry, but good enough to drive by day. The cold metal of the clutch and accelerator pedals felt good on the blisters of my bare feet. And the gold-flake purple motorcycle-engine paint on the dashboard and gearshift knob was an absolute gas.

Our first gig on the tour, up at the mountaintop theological seminary near Portland, was scheduled for tonight, and we had at least six or eight hours of solid driving ahead of us to get there on time. Soon we were off, and caravanning again, through the volcanic Cascades and the supra-earthly Oregon landscape.

Garrison had managed to get back on the bus after spending a night out in a sleeping bag. It must have been heavy for him, since none of us had ever before seen him so contrite. I suppose his fantasies of the three of us balling together and laughing all the while about his ridiculous subconscious must have been plaguing him the whole time—whereas in reality

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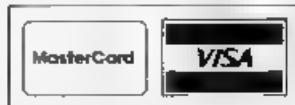
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490 WARNING! EVEN A LITTLE COCAINE CAN SNEAK UP & KILL YOU. "Taking cocaine is like playing with a loaded gun - you never know when it's going to kill you," says drug expert Dr. Nicholas Pace. "It's a dangerous, dangerous drug!" Why is the white powder—a favorite with so many celebrities and jet-setters—so dangerous?

Because even a small dose can be deadly he said.

"What may be a mild dose for me may be a deadly dose for you, or vice versa. No one knows exactly what level of the drug they can tolerate until it's too late," said Dr. Pace, a New York internist and board member of the American Council of Marijuana and Other Psychoactive Drugs.

Cocaine kills by interfering with breathing and disrupting the heart rhythm—ultimately causing heart failure.

National Enquirer,
Oct. 19, 1982

491 MORE THAN 6.2 MILLION TRAVELERS poured through U.S. Customs at the International Arrivals Building at John F. Kennedy International Airport last year. The overwhelming majority were honest. But some tried to smuggle in things in ways you wouldn't believe—heroin wrapped in condoms swallowed by a cobra, contraband inside a cadaver in a coffin shipped as cargo, narcotics in the wooden leg of an amputee, jewelry hidden in elaborate hardos, marijuana stashed behind a portrait of Jesus—as well as in bongo drums and statues, surfboards and scuba tanks, girdles and diapers.

New York Daily News,
Jan. 1, 1983

492 SOFT DRINKS CAN BE HARD ON YOU. Medical researchers say that drinking too much soft drink may cause bones to become brittle because the mineral-deficient fluid can deplete the body's supply of calcium.

"Sodas aren't poisons," says Linda Massey, a professor at Washington State University at Pullman. "But, they aren't at all good for you, either."

They don't even contain much phosphorus or calcium.

In fact, they lack just about all of the nutrients.

"The real danger results when people substitute soft drinks for the real foods they need."

"If a person drinks nothing but soft drinks, problems will arise. It's the food substitution patterns that worry us."

Globe,
Dec. 21, 1982

493 NEW FOCUS ON CHEMISTRY OF JOYLESSNESS

Some evidence that a good time involves brain chemicals comes from experiments by Dr. Aryeh Routtenberg of Northwestern University. In the mid-'60's, Dr. Routtenberg showed that rats would give up food for the chance to press a treadle that delivered electrical stimulation to a brain area that produces the substances norepinephrine and dopamine, two of the neurotransmitters that carry messages between nerve cells. Both chemically resemble amphetamines.

In work reported last year, Dr. Routtenberg and a graduate student, Tim Collier, showed that when rats were given the opportunity to stimulate an area in the part of the brain known as the hippocampus they also did so readily. But this time their self-stimulation was less intense, more relaxed. The brain region was one where opiumlike substances called endorphins appear to be produced. "By pressing the treadle, the rats administered their own opioids," says Dr. Routtenberg. "This is what humans do when they look at a Brancusi."

New York Times,
Mar. 15, 1983

[Or a Marilyn Monroe or a Burt Reynolds.]

494 IN RE YOUR SPECIAL REPORT, "How Drugs Sap the Nation's Strength" May 16:

Watch television, observe your fellow employees, glance in other people's shopping carts; you will see that our society is overflowing with abuse of alcohol, nicotine, caffeine, cold remedies, sleeping pills, etc. All this is not only legal, it is very strongly encouraged by those who profit from it. This is the context in which people abuse illegal drugs. The line separating the two is quite thin.

Pat Powers
San Jose, Calif.

U.S. News & World Report
May 30, 1983

[we couldn't resist not telling him for a while) the two ladies had slept together that night in the back bed, and me alone in the front. I was still far too uncool for lovemaking.

By nightfall, Garrison was back at the wheel again, and me and the two ladies were hanging out behind him on the front bed—all of us, including most of us on the caravan, etherealized once again on the remains of the peyote tea—the last of the last stash. We were finally, legally cool—on the outside anyway. On the inside, incandescent as ever. No one could legislate our consciousness.

I was holding Gloria for a time on my lap, cupping her round, fuzzy head in the palm of my hand and digging her emanations of absolute peace. I was grateful to be able to be with her again—the one thing in my life I would *not* cut loose of—when we suddenly came to a halt, all in line, on the shoulder of the interstate again.

It was already getting dark and we still had a long way to go. What could be the delay now?

Then my heart sank when we got out of the bus to see what was happening and saw the flashing lights and heard orders barked through a megaphone up ahead. Once again, it was the heat.

Oh come on, leave us alone, won't you? I thought. *Give us a chance to get it together!* Was this trip doomed to die aborning? Would we even get out of Oregon?

Then we were moving again, and our clutched stomachs started to relax a little.

Then we were moving faster, and faster, until we were barely even slowing down for the small towns we had to go through to get to the gig.

Yes indeed, we were going to the gig. It was going to happen. Once we saw the motorcycle cops and patrol cars flashing by, on either side, we began to realize what was happening.

We were an escorted motorcade! And they were clearing the way for us. Just to make sure we didn't get into any more trouble—in Oregon anyway.

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JOHNNY COPELAND'S LIVING BLUES

Texas blues has become very popular. Harder edged than its Chicago counterpart, the music came of age with T-Bone Walker and Freddie King. It now resides with Johnny Copeland.

A waxing-full, scaly sturgeon moon blotted the mid-August night sky as several thousand music lovers at the Brooklyn Blues Festival roared out a greeting to the headline performer, Johnny Copeland. Though the singer/guitarist has lived and played out of New York City since 1975, his music is the most vital extension of the Texas blues style associated with such great predecessors as T-Bone Walker and Freddie King. It's a music that works just as well on a humid summer night in New York as on a humid summer night in Houston, where Copeland was one of the hottest local acts during the late '50s and '60s. Sure enough, the surging strains of Wide-mouth Brown's "Boogie-Woogie Night-hawk" lifted the crowd out of the seats as Copeland made his entrance.

Nattily dressed in a wide-lapel gray suit, his monstrous ivory-colored Peavey guitar slung waist-high, Copeland launched into a set of powerfully emotional vocals and thick, blistering guitar lines. Before his band even finished the outro to "Natural Born Believer," Copeland had already started the dramatic guitar solo intro to another of his songs, "Honky Tonkin'." He worked the audience with a graceful yet commanding presence, teasing on "Everybody Wants a Piece of Me," soothing on "Early in the Morning," rasping on "Love Utopia" and electrifying on the down-home shuffle "Midnight Fantasy."

"We'd like to tell y'all that what we're playing is Texas blues," Copeland announced toward the end of the show. The audience bellowed its approval. Texas blues, more broad-based and harder-edged than its better-known Chicago counterpart, has been enjoying unprecedented popularity of late, as both Copeland and Albert Collins have hit career high points while younger white bands like the Fabulous Thunderbirds and Stevie Ray Vaughan's Double Trouble have adapted the tradition to their own

ends.

Only a few years ago Copeland was scuffling for jobs around Harlem before his debut album, *Copeland Special*, brought him to worldwide attention in one sudden, dramatic sweep. Numerous awards followed, and a second album, *Make My Home Wherever I Hang My Hat*, consolidated his position in Europe and America, while Copeland continued to spread the message via an African tour and a legendary set at the Montreux Festival in Switzerland. The new album, *Texas Twister*, updates a few more tunes from Johnny's treasure-trove of early material and features a guest appearance by Stevie Ray Vaughan, who engages in stirring guitar exchanges with Johnny on "When My Feet Start Itchin'" and "Don't Stop by the Creek Son."

Recently, during a brief rest between tours, Copeland took time off to reminisce about the strange twists and turns that his life as a musician has taken.

I was born in Magnolia, Arkansas. I lived in a place called Grayson Quarters, and then we would move out to the country sometimes, out on the farm, about thirteen miles out of Magnolia, about five miles off the Louisiana line. We fished, swam, whatever kids do. That was in the '40s. We moved out to the country because my mother came up to Grand Rapids, Michigan, during the war to work in one of the plants. We moved out with some friends of hers while she was there.

"I lived with my mother. My dad lived down in Hanesville. I really didn't get a chance to go out and see him much before he passed. I went to see him one time, and I guess about six months later he died. That's when I got his guitar. When I went to see him I heard a lot of playing. I spent two weeks down there. The night I got

there he played a party and he took me along. I'd been around other guitar players. I stayed with a guitarist named Son Beal when my mother went to Michigan. My dad played at home, but he loved music, he'd play all day, all them old blues, he had a record player.

"At the time I was listening to a lot of Louis Jordan. I loved Louis Jordan. I didn't really get into T-Bone until I really got into the guitar. I got into T-Bone after I started trying to play.

"I learned boxing in Magnolia because I wanted to be tough. I wanted to back up anything I said. So I worked hard with that fighting thing. I could really fight. I wanted to fight. I started that when I was about eleven. I was ninety-five pounds and I fought peoples up to one hundred fifteen pounds. I fought in matches set up in the city. One guy from Grayson Quarters against another guy from here and another guy from there—different sections of the city.

"Four months out of the year we used to do it. They'd have a fighter from one part of town and they'd match him with a fighter from another part of town. We set it up among our selves sometimes. They'd set an arena up in a vacant lot and they'd have minstrel shows and stuff like that. Four or five hundred people would show up. There'd be nothing else to do. We've got a fight Tuesday night—what's going on Tuesday night in Magnolia, Arkansas? Everybody going anywhere is gonna be there.

"I started messin' around with it when I got to Houston. That's when I realized you got to be business to do it. The attitude I had would get you killed. I didn't have no fightin' attitude, I had a murder attitude. The attitude I had would have gotten me killed in Houston. They had some pretty rough fighters there.

"I fought a guy one hundred fifteen pounds and that guy knocked me out about. My stubbornness made me go ahead. I could see him two times, y'know. I knew then he had defeated me. When I sat and I looked and I saw him two times I said, 'Uh-oh, he got me.' I know I was goin' this next round. And I still beat him. I got up and beat the shit out of him. But I saw him two times. By the end of the next round he'd cleared up again.

"After I started playin' music I forgot all about that fightin' stuff.

"I moved to Houston when I was thirteen. I took a job downtown, I shined shoes and stuff. I used to see Albert Collins in a place called the Silver Moon. At twelve o'clock in the afternoon they weren't too strict about who they let in. Albert started about twelve and ended about six.

"When we first moved there we moved out with my grandfather in Settegast. My mother got a job and then she decided she was going back to Magnolia. I stayed, my brother stayed, my sister went back. In six months she came back to Houston. My grandfather wouldn't let me go. I probably would have gone but he wouldn't let me go. He worked for the city of Houston. He was like a farmer, then he got a job with the city and he stayed with them for twenty-some years.

"My brother started takin' me to dances. He took me to see T-Bone Walker and Roy Brown. My sister used to take me to see the Clovers and the Dominos.

"I started right in messin' with the guitar but never learned nothin' 'cept things that didn't make sense 'cause I never had a teacher. I was able to make noise with it, sing, do my own thing. Joe Hughes really got me into it strong. Joe was living in the third ward in Houston, I knew his brother and his mother. His brother took me and introduced me to him one day at one of them talent shows. He said, 'What you come up here for today, watch me win this money?' He was real cocky. I didn't see him for five months. He came by while I was sittin' on Main Street. He came over and he said he was going out to this place sixty-five blocks down Main Street. Me and him started walkin', then he went to tellin' me how bad he was on the guitar. He convinced me that he was so good that I wanted to hear him. So I walked all the way out

there with him just to hear him play, but when I got there... he can play a few things, but I was disappointed.

"I'm in trouble with the school at this point. I felt like I was a fourteen-year-old loser, a has-been. My principal, he told me I wasn't gonna live to see twenty-one. He thought I was an idiot the way I carried myself. I didn't let them treat me like I was a boy. Whenever something came up where they had to discipline me, there would always be a big uproar. I had a bad temper, and I wouldn't let them discipline me. Something about me and the teacher didn't work out right. I dunno, it must have been my fault.

"He put the police on me one day. I was leaving the school, the police caught me on the road. Those police put my head on straight. They tried to beat me that day, I told him he couldn't do it—if you do you're gonna have trouble with me, y'know. So I left. You had to walk maybe a quarter of a mile down the road from the school, and while I was walking I saw the police go by me right into the school. School ain't out either, this is about noon. The police come back and they stop me and say, 'You get into this car.' Oh, man, he carried me through them changes. He made it look rough and sound rougher than it really was. He didn't do nothin' to me but he spoke as if he was gonna kill me. He said all kinda things they were gonna do to me. You're sittin' there thinkin' and they got these two big guns. He take me to the highway and when he got me there he said, 'How regular do these buses run out here?' I said, 'About every thirty minutes.' He stopped the car real quick and told me, 'You get outta here.' He said, 'Don't you wait for no bus, if you happen to see one you get on it.' He made me snap to that ain't the right attitude to carry in life. I wanted to be a man. I didn't want anybody to treat me like a kid. Could nobody discipline me. I guess maybe because I never lived with my daddy and I always felt like I never had the man-thing over me. I know I'm not a bad person, but I was really doing some crazy things.

"My mother disapproved of music until I started working and making money. The first time I showed her I had made some money she didn't say nothin' else to me. And a funny thing, the guy playing tenor with me now, his cousin was the guy that gave me the job. I couldn't really play that

much but he took me down, he had a job working for the door and he gave us all equal share so we each made sixteen dollars. That was good money for then. It was in a town called Sugarland, right outside of Houston. I was sixteen.

"When we started out we used to all just walk around with guitars, me and Joey Hughes, Pat Patterson, Steve Washington, Charles Godfrey. We just had a whole guitar thing. Then we formed a group called the Dukes of Rhythm and we started going to talent shows and things like that. We was really trying to sing, but I couldn't keep the harmony too good. I soon forgot about that singin' stuff. I kept studying guitar. Finally I got into a position where I had to start singin' again but I could sing pretty good.

"We put the band together with two guitars and drums. We must have played for two years. Joe Hughes did all the singin'. I did maybe one song a week. I used to sing 'Lawdy, Miss Claudie,' a few people used to request that. One night Joe got sick. We had to play in Galveston and we really didn't think to call and say, 'We can't play this week because Joe's sick.' I just had to put something together and go on, it was too late to cancel. So I went down and called a friend of mine who played piano, Floyd Phillips, another guitar player named Clarence Bigtime Joseph—he died later, he was a good blues player. Used to call himself Guitar Slim. He had a real Louisiana sound.

"I started liking singing after that. That's the first time I did 'Things I Used to Do,' 'Done Got Over,' 'You Don't Have to Go,' 'Reconsider,' 'Lawdy, Miss Claudie' and a Joe Turner tune. That must have been '53, almost '54, because I left the group in '54.

"I left the group at Christmas '54, the same time that Johnny Ace killed hisself. I was supposed to work that night and I went to the Johnny Ace show. He did it after the first show. They came out and told us what happened. It didn't make sense.

"I was supposed to work that night and I was trying to make up my mind, because the band that Albert Collins had been workin' in gave me a chance to come play with them. Earl Solomon was the piano player and leader of that band, and Albert had just left the band, he was gonna woodshed a while. With the Dukes I was making a

lot of money, two hundred dollars a week, so after I decided to take that job I went down to about ten dollars a week. I wanted to front my own band with horns, that's why I did it. I liked horns, I liked Louis Jordan and T-Bone Walker, and they had two horns in that band so I forgot about the money and went on with them.

"When I was getting ready to leave the Eddie Solomon band what happened was Big Frank Newsome saw me one day walking down the street. He wanted Joe Hughes to go to West Texas with him and Joe couldn't go. He had to have a guitar player so he came to me. He told me he'd pay me twenty-five dollars a night. I thought about it and I ain't got no clothes, my clothes don't be ready till Friday. I put 'em in the cleaners every week after the weekend shows, then get 'em out Friday. I told him, 'I can't get my clothes outta the cleaner till tomorrow.' He says, 'I'll buy you two pairs of pants and two shirts. We ain't doin' but three days.'

"I took the job and went on out there. He bought me nothin', I wind up wearing one uniform for three days, he didn't get no money. Big Frank comes up and says, 'Rub my shoulder, son, my shoulder hurts.' That's when he tell you the bad news. He say, 'I didn't get no money, we ain't made a dime.' Since I was so uncomfortable that week, I didn't care, I just wanted to go home.

"I found out when we got back that everybody everywhere we stopped liked me so much, everywhere we played they liked my repertoire. In Austin they went wild. The musicians didn't like me too well because I couldn't play that good. He had pros, L.A. Hill on tenor, Bill Bailey on alto, Johnny Prejean on drums, Carl Cameron on piano. I'm the youngest one and they thought of me as nothing, but the peoples loved me because I was now, you know what I'm sayin', they liked that 'Okie Dokie Stomp,' the 'Guitar Shuffle.' I wasn't playin' 'em that well but they liked it. The musicians made it bad for me, and the way I looked I didn't really blame them, I looked like a bum, I only had the one uniform. They gave me a hard time, but I wound up bein' their boss. When we got back to Houston I didn't have a job, so Big Frank gave me a job at Shady's working six nights a week and made me the bandleader because everybody

"What's rock 'n' roll?
Nothing but the blues.
They had to give it another name
to sell it, but it was really
just the blues."



John Keenan

liked me, liked the way I performed. He had all those professional musicians there but none of them could get into the crowd like I could. That's how I got to be a bandleader. They never did approve of me, me and L.A. never did have a really good relationship and we played together a long time.

"I played at Shady's a year or so. After that I pulled out and the band went with me because I had more work. I took seven weeks off and toured all over the South with Clarence Samuels in 1955. We went to Alice, Texas; Mexico; Shreveport; Yazoo, Mississippi, all the way into Gallatin, Tennessee, back down to Memphis. Then I left him.

"Clarence came through Houston and he was working around on the road. I found out later that he was pretty well known—Jimmy Witherspoon knew him real well, said he had a hit record back in the '40s. We went through some changes. I had some rough times and some good times. Clarence's business people didn't like me, but the peoples loved me. I was the highlight even of his show. When I went on the road with Clarence, I wouldn't go unless he take Johnny Prejean and Floyd Phillips along, my piano player and drummer, and I think that had something to do with the bandleader not liking me, 'cause the band's leaning my way. His wife was the tenor player, she was the bandleader, she didn't like me that much.

"It was a good experience to travel all over the South that early. Their thing was not together, though—they'd fight a lot, lots of crazy things. The last night we were in Gallatin, Tennessee, the manager and Winnie Samuels had a fight, and then when Clarence got there, him and the manager had a fight. After the show Clarence fired the manager, left him sittin' there on a suitcase. He drove off and left him sittin' there. We had been off a week. We cut a record in Nashville called 'Chicken-Hearted Woman,' that's the only fifteen dollars we had made in two weeks. We had no money, not a dime. Here we sittin', the club owner won't pay Clarence... so they finally call the police. The police get there and they told Clarence, 'You're lucky to be alive.' They come down there with riot helmets and things, three carloads. Clarence left, we went back to the police station, they gave Clarence I think twenty-four dollars. The police give it to him so he could get out of town, he didn't have a dime.

Clarence sold the manager's car for fifty dollars the next day and we stopped on the side of the highway and got us some baloney. This is about forty-eight hours, we didn't even eat nothin'. I told him I was leavin'.

"We went to Yazoo, Mississippi. Can you imagine that in 1955? I think the police did come in. There was one big old dude with a big white hat on that comes in and everybody gets scared, that kind of shit, Jim Dandy to the rescue. He got the power to close the shut down if he want to. One guy. That kinda stuff would happen. Nobody would argue with him.

"We all had processes, and when it grow back it go to looking wild. We went in this store somewhere in Tennessee up in them hills and this guy was lookin' at us with the hair all stickin' out the back. Finally, when we get up to the counter the man looked at Johnny Prejean and said, 'What tribe are you from?' Johnny said, 'Huh? We musicians.'

"They had a hamburger there called a Half-a-Dollar Hamburger—you pay twelve cents for it. Me and Floyd went out to this hamburger joint and the bun was big but the meat was just a little bitty thing the size of a half dollar. So Floyd told the lady, 'Don't fry the meat so long, the more you fry it, the littler it gets.' We joke about that now when I go home. We had a hotel for five dollars a day, and that record we cut paid our rent. At first I thought we weren't gonna get out of the hotel. I called home in Memphis and told Big Frank to come and get me.

"It wasn't hard times, because we chose to do this. It was havin' fun, we wasn't used to livin' that way.

"I couldn't imagine being a recording artist. I was just trying to work locally. I guess that's why I stayed down there so long. I finally recorded in '58. That was planned by King Bee—Clifford Smith—who was a disc jockey on radio station KCOH. He had talent shows in Houston and I was his live band for the shows. He used to tape my shows and play 'em on the radio every day and he got me real popular around the city that way. He set up a showcase with producer Bob Shad at the radio station. Shad chose me and Teddy Reynolds, who had already made a record in the '40s called 'Cry Cry.' Teddy was my piano player, so he wanted to cut Teddy and me. Teddy did a record called 'Three or Four Puppies and One Shaggy Hound' on that session—I was the guitar player. I made 'Rock 'n' Roll

Lally' and 'It Don't Bother You.'

"What's rock 'n' roll? Nothin' but the blues. They had to give it another name to sell it, but it was really the blues. Joe Turner was singin' that stuff years before—he was actually the first rock 'n' roll singer. But they had to give it another name to sell it to the white area. After the Elvis Presley thing came along, that's when the music started sellin' to everybody, white and black. At first the music was only sellin' to the black people. That's why I think Elvis did a great service for the music. He made it sell to everybody all over the world. After Elvis, then you could see your music anywhere, but up until then you only sold to the black community.

"They sent me the contract back after that and said they didn't wanna make another record. I didn't really get into it—I always thought locally. The time I had a real good band I didn't record. Between '60 and '62. I had a good band, I had four horns with that band. I broke the band down to four or five pieces to make 'Heebie-Jeebies' and 'Please Don't Let Me Know.' In '63 I cut 'Down on Bended Knee,' which sold a lot of records. It was the biggest local record they had up to that point in Houston.

"Later I played with the Jazz Crusaders. They recorded 'You Must Believe in Yourself' with me, 'Old Man Blues' and a couple more. I did four records with them altogether. Two of 'em didn't come out.

"I was bigger than my thoughts. I didn't think I was a songwriter, I just thought I was working in a style. In a lot of ways that hindered me. Most of that time I was the big local band. I was making a living. I went along until disco took over, until the record player put me out of business.

"I really determined that I wanted to play all blues when I got to New York in '75. I was playing a lot of guitar then, trying to set a solid style. I would take jobs up in Harlem very cheap. Sometimes I didn't make no money, I would just play. I made my work. I met a lot of musicians when I first got up there—most of those kids up there can play. I would probably use a different musician every week.

"So many peoples are not working, there's not a lot of work up there. I wouldn't be working either, I'd just create work for myself. When I got up there I took the Top Club, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Nobody wanted them nights, they were offbeat nights. I could draw pretty

good crowds, musicians would come by and see me 'cause I'd be giving one hundred percent of myself every time I come in there. I built up a pretty good little crowd there. Wednesdays we had a full house


"I think the Birds [Fabulous Thunderbirds], Stevie Ray Vaughan—they're the ones who kept the blues alive all this time, kept people's attention on it. Nobody's been writing blues songs, ain't no thoughts went into the blues in the last twenty years, I figure. Not like the thoughts that went into disco, thoughts that went into soul. All the white guys, Rolling Stones and those guys, they covered songs. They weren't thinkin' of writin' blues songs themselves.

"Most of the blues guys who come along now don't do no writin'. They may write a song, but they look at it the way I did when I was startin'—they don't consider themselves songwriters. Like even Albert King—who can write a song better than Albert King?—but when he gets ready to record an album, he has to get somebody to get his material together for him. He's not looking at himself as a songwriter. He told me that out of his own mouth, he be looking for somebody to have the material ready for him. Whereas I would be tryin' to write mine. That's where the thoughts gotta go into, the writin'.


"As far as guitar playing goes, at first I hadn't been around and seen the whole thing, but now, playin' with people like Stevie Ray, Jimmy Ray, Albert Collins, I played with Buddy Guy recently. I've seen a little more and I'm beginning to put a little more into it. I'm not happy with where I'm coming from yet. I'm pretty happy with the sound, I have an original sound, but I wanna get more ideas in my playing, paint a better picture for the peoples as you play it.

"Why are the blues making a comeback? 'Cause everything has run itself down. I used to hear that disco music and I would feel like this is the summary of what done happen [he hums the melody to "Dixie" in corny overstatement while clapping his hands in a mock disco beat]. All the music in the world that had ever been played you would hear done as disco. So it has run itself down to nothin', and after it run out then it restart over again. Every melody I ever heard in my life has been done with a disco beat. No thoughts no more, just, 'Let's get the machine, come on let's cut a record.'" □


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"DON'T LOOK BACK" REVISITED

One of the earliest and most effective practitioners of *cinema verité*, D.A. Pennebaker recorded Bob Dylan's 1965 English concert tour in the legendary film *Don't Look Back*. Now, almost 20 years later, he reflects on the events of one of the country's most exciting periods.

To live outside the law, you must be honest.

—Bob Dylan

Almost two decades after it was made—this documentary record of Bob Dylan's 1965 English concert tour, winding through London, Birmingham, Sheffield and Leicester—D.A. Pennebaker's *Don't Look Back* still has a scalding immediacy, a pungency, a galvanizing vigor. It seems in no sense a period piece. The Dylan we see and hear seems more "alive," rawer and more dangerous than in many of his incarnations since.

Perhaps that's due to the time. *Don't Look Back* was made between the release of the landmark albums *Bringing It All Back Home* and *Highway 61 Revisited*. It records what must have been Dylan's last major acoustical-guitar concerts before his first radical crossover; several months later he made his "scandalous" appearance at the Newport Festival, backed by the searing electricity of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. The tours with the Band (recorded in the later, mostly unseen *Eat the Document* which is discussed below), *Blonde on Blonde*, the mysterious motorcycle accident, the period of reclusion and recovery at "Big Pink" and the numerous chameleonlike shifts in image of the late '60s and '70s—all these were in the future. (The latest of Dylan's ceaseless changes is several months away. According to a friend who has heard advance tapes of his next album, Dylan's "Born Again" gospel phase has ended.)

The Dylan we see here is the Dylan of perhaps his greatest public impact, a Dylan whose image was being forged in a worldwide electronic crucible whose legend was being inscribed in letters of acetate and fire. This is the Dylan who seemed to have somehow fused Woody Guthrie and Martin Lu-

ther King, John Lee Hooker and Rumbaud, Elvis and Allen Ginsberg—and who created in those three epochal mid-'60s albums (all composed around the time we see here) a kaleidoscopic, multiprismed, poly-mythic portrait of the times with an intensity and thoroughness no one else has before or since.

What, you have to wonder, went on in his mind then? Dylan's songs at that time had a density—of word, of rhythm, of emotion—that staggered you. What was he thinking, feeling? The Dylan we see in *Don't Look Back* (courtesy of Pennebaker's constantly prowling, opportunistic camera) is strangely accessible but faraway: a thin, sallow, scowling young man in shades with a whiplash tongue of unrelenting savagery, and a self-confidence so furious it seems to disguise a deeper bitterness and hurt. The Dylan of 1965 sometimes seems the classic example of sensitivity masked by cynicism, the easily wounded soul contriving a defense of indifference and vague menace. He is also (but not always) the clown with the adder's tongue, the joker with a skull for a scepter, an actor shifting masks with truculent ease—and sometimes just a tired kid at a weird carnival.

Most pop singers or personalities try to seduce you; the relentless put-downs which Dylan keeps pouring on interviewers and interlocutors here suggest someone totally contemptuous of icon-making, of any attempt to pin the quicksilver of his mind or art into easy molds. Nervous, bitter, brilliant, he expresses himself in cryptic games, folksy or snarling cracks, arcane riddles and paradoxes—all plugged into bizarre linguistics that stretch from classical literature to gutbucket jive. He is the man whose own murderously lucid and ver-

satile articulation have become equally a blessing and a scourge.

But, as Pennebaker remarks in the following interview, the Dylan we see here (or think we see, or invent for ourselves) is not necessarily the "real Dylan." This is Dylan—one of the many—caught on film at a certain time and place. Dylan the performer, Dylan the morose and funny backstage sport—a man who, as Pennebaker says, "had to be extraordinary where most of us settle for just being adequate." Watching him—and Joan Baez, Alan Price, "The Science Student," Albert Grossman and all the rest—you see a part of yourself, a piece of the time—the time that Dylan himself caught and bent with such easy, wounding, consummate skill. □

D.A. Pennebaker—best known for his seminal rock documentaries, *Don't Look Back* and *Monterey Pop*—is one of the true masters of the style known as "cinema verité" or "direct cinema," a technique he pioneered with ex-partners Ricky Leacock and Albert Maysles. Indeed, it was Pennebaker, drawing on his expertise as an ex-engineer, who helped invent the first 20-pound portable camera pack, which made "hand-held" camera reporting possible. He made his first film in 1953 (*Daybreak Express*, scored to Duke Ellington) and has been directing, or occasionally shooting for others (Dylan, Norman Mailer, Jean-Luc Godard) ever since. His list of credits is prodigious and he has long owned his own distribution company. (The release of *Don't Look Back*, tied up for years, has set him temporarily at odds with Dylan.)

Pennebaker is friendly and almost disturbingly unabashed. Interviewed for a recent celebratory tribute to '30s social documentarian Willard Van Dyke (ex-



Bob Dylan, circa 1965—Sheep in wolf's clothing or legitimately like Achilles after Patroclus had been killed by Hector?

head of the Museum of Modern Art film program), Pennebaker, who had been a friend and coworker, made such amiable but scathing remarks on Van Dyke's lack of filmmaking ability that his section was excised. He is equally scathing on such colleagues as Emile De Antonio or Frederick Wiseman—although he expresses these acid opinions in such a beguiling, joky way, counterpointed with such intense enthusiasm for those he does like—Robert Flaherty, Bunuel, Leacock and others—that it never seems offensive. Here he trains his documentarian's "Innocent Eye" (as his idol, Flaherty, was described) on those long-ago travels with Dylan—with a few side-lights on Norman Mailer, Andy Warhol and the meaning of "Truth."

HIGH TIMES: The Albert Hall concert that concludes *Don't Look Back* was wonderful. Did you shoot the whole thing? Do you have other

concert footage?

Donn A. Pennebaker: Sure. There's a lot of concert footage. The original version of that film was about two hours long, and it was longer by a fair amount of music. When we did *Don't Look Back*, it seemed to me that it was just too long, too much concert for a general audience. So we pulled it back. In terms of shooting, there really weren't very many of us shooting that thing.

HIGH TIMES: About how many people?

Pennebaker: There was myself on the camera, and Jones Alk, who did the sound. That's the woman with the long hair—she's Howard Alk's wife. Howard Alk, who was kind of helping out; he had a camera. I think I had a camera for Howard—whether it was an Ari, or one of my cameras, I don't remember. It was a fallback camera but he didn't shoot very much

on that. And then we had Bob Van Dyke, who was doing the sound. Now, what Bob did was to record every concert from beginning to end on the synch-Nagra that we had—so that, whatever I shot, we could always find the sound for it.

And then, a lot of times at the concerts, I would shoot a little bit of something—just, oh, maybe one song or part of a song. It really depended I kind of shot it, and picked it up as I went along. The Albert Hall stuff I shot much more, but still, I don't think I ever shot any concert from beginning to end, as a concert.

HIGH TIMES: It seems to me that all that concert footage, and the stuff on the synch-Nagra, would be pretty valuable. That was his big transitional period—

Pennebaker: Of course the next year he did his European tour with the Band, and we shot much more of the

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concerts, because there the concerts were more interesting. That was part of the footage for *Eat the Document*. **HIGH TIMES:** What happened to that? I've never seen it.

Pennebaker: That was a film that finally Dylan released; originally, it was done for television. It never got delivered, so they never even saw it. And Dylan finally released that version of it, which did not use anything like all the footage. I mean, the concerts and stuff were totally left out of it in many instances. But the concerts—there were often two of us shooting the concerts, Howard and I both.

Anyway, I suppose you could make a concert out of that stuff [shot for *Don't Look Back*]. I don't know. I never tried. I never was thinking of a concert film.

HIGH TIMES: The Albert Hall footage we do see looks great—both powerful and historic.

Pennebaker: You could probably do it. I would love to do it.

HIGH TIMES: Was *Eat the Document* ever shown in the theaters?

Pennebaker: No. Well, it was shown a couple of times. I don't know how good the distribution has been. I don't distribute it; Dylan does. They also distribute *Renaldo and Clara*. I don't know whether they're in the business of film distribution, or whether they just take care of those two films. I don't think they do much business with *Eat the Document*.

HIGH TIMES: What's it like?

Pennebaker: *Eat the Document*?

Well, it's unique. It's kind of a rarity to have a film made by Dylan himself, in some fashion. I think it's less interesting to me, let's say, than what could have been done. But I never wanted to get into a film contest with Dylan on that. In a way, Dylan had asked me to come back and help him make a film he wanted to direct. So, in a way, that was always his film.

HIGH TIMES: How knowledgeable is he on films? I know there are lots of movie allusions in his songs.

Pennebaker: Well, he's never actually made a film himself, all by himself. Which doesn't mean much, there are plenty of producers and directors who've never done anything. I think his instinctive sense of film is quite extraordinary. He could never have the patience to sit down and work it all out; but that's been the case with a number of people I've worked with. I had the same problem with Norman Mailer. We made three films and he



would never sit down at the editing table.

HIGH TIMES: Mailer gives the impression that he feels he could just go out with his buddies and they could improvise like they do in a bar, and come up with a film because they're ad-libbing such great stuff. Of course, when you're in a bar with your buddies, *everything* seems great.

Pennebaker: I think, knowing Norman, he did some fantastic things. And it [Wild 90] was a very interesting film to shoot; it was interesting for me, anyway. And I thought he did some extraordinary things. But I know that, in editing it—well, I didn't have a clue as to how to edit it, because of the way it was done.

HIGH TIMES: How was it done?

Pennebaker: Very self-consciously, it was done as a performance for me. I stopped the camera, and they'd all stop and smoke cigarettes and talk about something else. It only happened when the camera was pointing at them, which is not what I'm used to doing at all, of course.

HIGH TIMES: Were you the only camera?

Pennebaker: Yeah, Yeah—I mean, we *did* it, for nothin', in one night, in Connecticut. I said, "Listen, Norman, why don't you just experiment? Just—we'll shoot a little bit, and you can put it together, and cut it, see—and then we'll go back and try it other ways." And he said, "No. Once you get started, we'll shoot it all tonight."

Beyond the Law was done with about four cameramen there; they were basically people who worked for me. And it was just different people, different rooms—and crossing over. It was Norman getting more elaborate. But, again, it was an experiment. And, as long as everybody accepted that, it seemed great to me. I thought it was terrific; it didn't matter what we did. The problem is that he wanted to be totally successful. He wanted to get great reviews and big audiences.

HIGH TIMES: Was he influenced by Andy Warhol?

Pennebaker: He was influenced a little by *Don't Look Back*. I think he thought that—you know—if I could do it, he could do it. And it's a fact that he thought people would come to see anything in which he could produce a little on-screen chemistry.

HIGH TIMES: I'm thinking of the commercial success of movies like Warhol's *The Chelsea Girls*, where things seemed to happen in a very unpro-

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grammed, spontaneous way Pennebaker. Well, Andy certainly didn't edit much. Andy didn't even know how to shoot. I mean, Andy didn't know anything about film. But he *did* manage to get people who did know about film. He got 'em all itching and scratching and kind of working for him, in some way that Norman didn't. Norman hired people who did what they were told.

HIGH TIMES: Did Mailer want to keep on directing films after *Maidstone*?

Pennebaker: Oh, well... No. Not anymore. I don't think Cy Erbaum, his lawyer-- He was losin' too much money [Laughs] He couldn't afford to make those films.

HIGH TIMES: But what if they'd made money? Like Warhol's?

Pennebaker: That's another thing. But Warhol's weren't successful either. Warhol never made any money. If Cy Erbaum had been representing Warhol, he'd have stopped him after *Empire*.

HIGH TIMES: So how did he keep going?

Pennebaker: He didn't spend a lot of money. I mean, Andy's thing was: You've got four rolls of film, and each roll is ten minutes; that's a forty-minute film. Also, Andy was makin' films, very clearly, all about a certain kind of—a certain strata of people, who—hardly anybody knew about them, except people within that world, people in New York. For most people, those films were all there was; it was the only glimpse they ever got of that life. Norman's was all kind of stuff he made up in his head, you know. It was completely a conceit, like his works.

Warhol was really putting down something that was historic. Ultimately, there's going to be great value. Actually, *both* of them, both their films are going to be valuable. There's no question of that. But Andy's films, at the time, for people who wanted to see, and were really into that, they were a kind of elite pornography of the period. And sometimes it was terrific. *Chelsea Girls* was great.

He had very extraordinary people: Edie Sedgwick, Nico, Ondine, all of them. It would be hard for Norman to get people like that, because he'd have to pay for them. So, for Norman to do a film, he'd have to put out a lot of money.

HIGH TIMES: Weren't some of Mailer's actors his cronies? Or did he recruit people?



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Pennebaker No, no, he had people. He had actresses, and people. He had a lot of—well, anybody who hangs around Norman gets to be his crony. That's sort of the privilege of the set, I guess, and that's what everybody expects. But the fact is that he was hiring actors and paying them money. Now, I don't think Andy ever paid anybody in his life. Andy was making those films for peanuts. When Paul [Morrissey] started making them, then they started getting expensive—

HIGH TIMES: It's funny: aestheticians and critics who write about those movies often say the stuff Warhol directed is better than Morrissey's, because it's purer.

Pennebaker: Warhol never did anything. I mean, Paul did most of it, anyway. The early ones, too. But Andy was always a kind of prevailing spirit, you know. Andy would sit there, and somebody else would load the camera or something. He didn't care who pointed it. Andy could do it. Andy could do anything he wanted to. He could fix the pipes if he wanted to; there's no question in my mind. He's a fuckin' genius.

But he got other people to make those films. Andy's an enigma to me, a really strange man. I saw him in a film the other day [*Lovesick*]. And it was almost like he was a mummy. I mean, for a minute, I thought, you could have a wax Andy, and just have him sit in a chair—and he didn't move or say anything—and you could get away with it...

HIGH TIMES: To get back to *Don't Look Back*: I remember when it came out, critics kept saying how bad Dylan came off, how he seemed like an arrogant punk, how nasty he was when he picked on the interviewer from *Time*, or the guy with the glasses—

Pennebaker: The guy with the glasses loved it! Loved it. You know, that guy came to me years later. Years and years later, I got a call from him. And he said, "Hello there. This is the science student." And at first I didn't know who it was. And he said, "I'm working with a band." He was managing a band. Ever since that moment he's been known as "The Science Student." He became— he's a legend. He adored every minute of it!

And actually I thought the thing that Dylan did with the *Time* guy—who I knew and, in fact, I got the story about him because I talked to him—was very straightforward. I thought Dylan, kind of, in the end—

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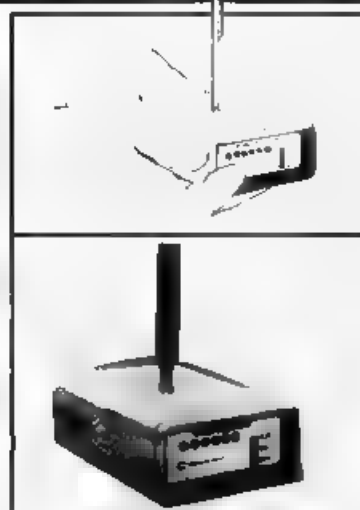
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because *that* guy feels bad about his life, anyway—but, in the end, I thought Dylan kind of eased off on him.

It's funny. I never saw Dylan do anything in that movie that I thought was really shitty. And Dylan's done some shitty things. I mean, I've heard about them. He's never done any shitty things to *me*, per se. But I know that he's capable, given the kind of life he's had to lead, of doing some genuinely terrible things. It never occurred to me that any of *those* things [in *Don't Look Back*] were really bad. But I know people did see it that way, and it always kind of astonishes me.

HIGH TIMES: It's a shock in some ways, because you never see Bing Crosby or Frank Sinatra or Gene Kelly—or even Fats Waller or Louis Armstrong—like that, with their guard down, acting like an ordinary person. They're always protected, even if there's an interview, all the rough edges have been filed away. And here you got a picture of Dylan, off guard, to a certain extent.

Pennebaker: But do you think Dylan was really *like* that, or do you think he was totally conning?

HIGH TIMES: I don't have any idea. In fact, I wanted to ask *you* that.

Pennebaker: Well, my unguarded feeling—you know, I was pretty naive. I mean, I'm—pretty naive, in certain ways, about these things. I sensed that that was really pretty close to Dylan. But I think everybody else assumed that it was kind of a put-on. And I don't care. I don't think it matters at all. It would be, like, after a play, if I told you the whole thing was fake; does it change your opinion of the play?

I know it's been assumed that Dylan was *enacting*. I mean, I think that Dylan's enacting his life—as he wishes to enact it. Not necessarily as it is, and not necessarily as he wishes it were, but just as he wants to act it.

There's this moment when he and Alan Price are at the piano. Price gives that funny kind of self-deprecating talk, and then he does that incredible thing on the piano, and then Dylan picks right up and starts playing blues, behind him. And the two of them play the most fantastic blues for about two or three minutes. And Dylan is really—it's like they're *talk-ing*, in that music. And Dylan really fell in love with him then. I mean, it was incredible. That little piece tells you more about Dylan, and music, than anything else I've ever seen. □

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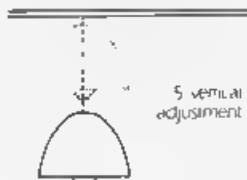
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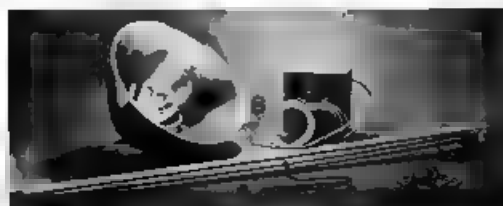
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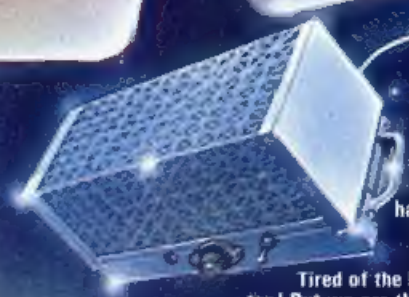


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